

Lust's dominion

and

The new Tereus

ROBERT LALONDE

Lust's dominion, adapted from "Lust's dominion" (1600) by Thomas Dekker

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Lust's dominion

Dramatic characters (15)

Alvero, duke of Salamanca
 Eugenia, duchess of Salamanca
 Fernando, first son of Alvero, later new duke of Salamanca
 Felipe, second son of Alvero
 Rodrigo, third son of Alvero
 Isabella, daughter of Alvero
 Hortensio, lover of Isabella
 Mendoza, bishop of Salamanca
 Cole, friar
 Crab, friar
 Barato, captain in Felipe's army
 Eleazar, lover of Eugenia
 Maria, wife of Eleazar
 Zarach, servant to Eleazar
 Balthezar, servant to Eleazar

Soldiers, a servant's corpse, citizens, lords

Time: 17th century

Place: Salamanca

Act 1. Scene 1. A room in Duke Alvero's house

Enter Zarach and Balthezar, smoking pipes and playing drums

Zarach. What do you think, my Balthezar?
 Is this

The best one life can offer on this earth?

Balthezar. The best to be obtained in heaven, too.

Zarach. I think so.

Balthezar. I know it is so.

Zarach. A life like God's.

Balthezar. Two black ones gazing at the world below,

Disputing, smoking, revelling, all these

Thanks to our master Eleazar's love.

Zarach. Our potent ruler and a prophet, too.

Balthezar. He comes, and angrily, it seems.
 But why?

Enter Eleazar

Eleazar. Does music sound so brazenly at night

Inside a dying man's house? Off with you!
 (striking them)

Zarach. Ha! Will you murder us for playing ill?

Balthezar. Ha! Gracious sir-

Eleazar. Slaves, do you gibber? Are you here? Away!

Zarach. Is not our music comforting to him?

Balthezar. Not like black angels welcoming a soul

Directly into heaven?

Eleazar. What are you burning in your filthy pipes?-

The Alcoran?

Zarach. Why need we fictions in our pleasant life?

Eleazar. And yours, unthinking Balthezar? -
 Ah, no.

Is it the Bible?

Balthezar. It is.

Eleazar. Ha? Are you mad, smoked slaves?
 Have you not heard

Of King Felipe's edicts, absolute

And hot against Mohammedans in Spain?

Zarach. The king of Spain and Portugal? The one

Who married Margaret of Styria? Yes,

I think so, sir. Moriscos, to our grief,

Are banished from the realm without appeal.

Balthezar. And so?

Eleazar. To see your face is death. Will you send off

In air their precious doctrines?

Balthezar. Yes.

Eleazar. You saw my pate off. Out with pipes and all!

Exeunt Zarach and Balthezar, enter Duchess Eugenia

Eugenia. Here stands a man, though some may blame my choice.

If he's a man, then he must be my own.

Why does my love's lips droop so horridly?

Has someone killed your wife or anything
Of yours worth keeping? Say who makes
you stare:

He will not live to curse a duchess' frown.

Eleazar. You are too much a woman by one head.

Eugenia. Is not a woman, happy in her love,
The treasure of the world to men of might?

Eleazar. You rack me.

Eugenia. That I will do, between two arms.

Eleazar. Away! I need to think.

Eugenia. A stupid pastime! No? Could I but tame

That front of Mars, those teeth of angry steel!

We'll kiss to make half the world smile and dream,

The other frown in envy of our love.

Eleazar. Ah, these lips make my buttocks
nightly shake

So hot in pleasure that one half of all

Mankind would without doubt abridge their
life

By half in kissing them but once a night.

And yet a woman's love, when man fails in

Ambition, is like sliding in a pit.

Eugenia. Is not a woman's love ambition

Enough for any man?

Eleazar. The buttocks sheated like an
armored piece,

Yet easily released in folding mounds,

The breasts like juice-filled tongue-
commanding fruit,

Three-quarters-free for thrusting of the face!

In woman's lust you have us buried still.

Thus do all women: suck, and suck, and
suck,

Till all must fall. No, Eleazar's free.

Eugenia. "No, no" means "yes, yes" in my
lexicon.

For one denial you will forfeit ten.

Eleazar. Sick to the bone and nearly pumice-
dry!

Eugenia. Come, I have something on me that
will make

Your business lighter. Let us try the pit.

See how my breasts point with a strange
desire.

Eleazar. Good, take away the ague and the
fits

That, coursing through his veins, like tiger's
blood

Inside a captured victim frozen still,

To jelly mar all manhood. There's a fire-

Call it divine ambition- raging here,

Set to come out, lest I fall, to become

A strumpet's rag and wiper-off. You think

I jest to set you on, prick you for more

Of your Moor's body.

Enter Fernando

Fernando. Still at it, mother, and with
Moors? Death peeks

Inside our chambers towards a man's bed,

And is his mate distracted? Will you sleep

With a horned viper rising on your sheets?

Exit Fernando

Eugenia. What does my love expect? Let
instruments

In Spain be hurled into forgetful seas,

The rack, the cannon, and the paper rules

That turn one man against his neighbor's
face,

And let the negro thrive inside my arms
 If you desire it so. Have I not been
 More than a mother to your quick resolves
 Than to my sons? Let Spain sink rather than
 Abide pouts from my Moor. What tricks
 men play
 To stroke and heat to bursting our frail
 veins!

Eleazar. If not for your white arms, a
 thousand Turks

Had died, now smiling on their mother's face.

Eugenia. Why do you wish to bury in your
 frowns

So many Englishmen, so many foes
 To our religion? Have they robbed your
 house?

If I have done amiss, let your black arms
 Be my sole manacles of punishment.

Eleazar. You suck me in.

Eugenia. In deepest love.

Eleazar. Lust's pit cannot be filled.

Eugenia. Am I so ugly?

Eleazar. Your bastards best know that.

Eugenia. You blacken your face blacker in
 the fields.

Will not these tears cool off war's swelling
 limb?

Eleazar. You are my hardy soldier of deep
 lust.

Eugenia. Your almost wife, your almost total
 life.

Eleazar. My glass, where I see eyes, will-of-
 the-wisps

Before damnation's swamp, where grows
 apace

Mysterious lust, which cannot be put out,
 A black eternal flame on man's designs.

Eugenia. Loose prelate, will you preach?

Eleazar. Beware, I say. On these upswelling
 paps-

Are they not rotten yet with man's desires?-

An adder's maw can close on. I should shoot

In our deep conflicts blood with pain.

Extract

That organ which makes half a man of me.

Eugenia. And let you live in Lethan fields
 of war,

Where carcasses make rotten even what

They lie on?

Enter Felipe

Felipe. Again?

Exit Felipe

Eleazar. In every Salamanca street and
 square,

I cannot ride or walk but peasant fools

Point at my Afric face. Through lattices,

Eyes murder, palest faces stare and grin,

With hisses cry: "There goes the Moor, who
 makes

That goodly Duke Alvero cuckold in

His house, the Moor, who like a leazar stains

The bed he lies on, making vermin grow

And prosper where he lives with his two
 slaves,

The minion of our duchess, there to play

In chambers candleless, in caves and pits

Where all lights die, the Moor. If in our
 Spain

Laws still abide, we in a month at worst

Will in our market place behold with joy

His shoulders sizzle with a thousand more."

Eugenia. No, no, a bad dream you can
 sometimes have.

Eleazar. A woman is a man's dream, best or
 worst.

Eugenia. O hidden wantonness, when
 timbrals sound

In country masques and purple bumpkins
 blow

On bagpipes as we swoon in secrecy!

Eleazar. Like satyrs in a dunghill, monkey-hot.

Eugenia. I'll be your golden whore, whom pagan tribes

Can worship as their idol, keeping safe

Your presence from the angry lords of Spain.

Eleazar. Alas, who arms the beastly moral tongue

Of popularity but your widest lusts?

Re-enter Fernando and Felipe

Fernando. Where do we live, Felipe?

Felipe. In lust's dominion.

Exeunt Fernando and Felipe

Eleazar. Desire and murder are twin-brothers- no,

In loving woman's heart they meet and kiss.

Eugenia. Ha, can I taste another's when your own

Make sweeter sweetest lips that gorge and swill

On honey? In my darkness let us joy.

I'm jealous of the sun that marks your cheeks

As his adorers. With the sight of them,

I am already full to cracking. Come.

My husband-king on his damp bed now drools

Before he sweats his last. We'll make that bed

Much damper with our sweets. What do you think?

His duchess is your whore. For you I'll do

What now I have become, if you relent.

Enter Zarach

Zarach. Alvero welcomes death. He lies aghast,

Almost in love with that black paramour.

Eugenia. Ha, is it true? You do not make, to laugh

At her, a child of my credulity?

Zarach. As true as Jewish miracles are false.

Eleazar. A golden harvest for our peasant loves!

Zarach. The bishop bellows for the wretched wife.

Exit Zarach

Eugenia. I'll go, then, if I must. Affliction's source

In purple, when will we shake you away?

Eleazar. We come, forked one, if but to see ourselves

Reflected in the image of your tears.

Exeunt Eugenia and Eleazar

Act 1. Scene 2. Duke Alvero's bedchamber

Enter Bishop Mendoza, Fernando, Rodrigo, Isabella, and Hortensio, Alvero lying in his bed

Fernando. Ah, father, will you die? The merest thought

Of that makes my soul wander, Thesius-like, Inside a labyrinth of threadless night.

Rodrigo. Ah, father, will you leave dark-living sons

To the light will of cuckold-making Moors?

Alvero. Hold, son. Such words cause husbands to die twice.

Fernando. My soul, like yours perhaps, is set to leave

Her painful residence to follow you.

Rodrigo. Is there no further hope in whiter Spain?

Mendoza. Son, kiss this cross; here's hope enough for all.

Alvero. Cry out no more. Let be. Come, you should weep

On a much worthier subject than man's dust.

Fernando. Ah, ah, ah!

Rodrigo. Expel your water, handkerchief, and shrink,

As I do even now.

Fernando. Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Rodrigo. Beat on your face.

Fernando. Groan, tear, and faint.

Enter Duchess Eugenia

Eugenia. Should I hear nothing else but keens and groans

Inside our house of death? Where is this duke?

Fernando. Good mother-

Eugenia. He's dead, I know. By your face I know all.

Alvero. Ah, ah!

Eugenia. Not dead?

Fernando. Too soon we grieve.

Eugenia. On this iced floor, made frigid by my tears,

I have pressed sharp and bony knees, my hand

Stretched topmost towards eyeless heaven, but

For this at this one moment at long last, Though death to all my hopes, yet a relief From pains long suffered, all in vainless hope.

Alvero. In one day all is reft. O, blissful wife, Today I die; you are too fortunate.

Eugenia. How, fortunate?

Alvero. Let no one speak of death: she is my own

Tonight, my wife, my family, my all.

In my continuous dolours, I have grown

In love with that quaint lady. So, so, so.

Redeem your state, speak henceforth like a wife,

Not like a whore. Spain is a sinking hull:

Advance her honor to the utmost shore Of cloud-capped masterships, pre-eminent

In deadly conquests and heroic feats,

In manners and in arts supreme and bold,

To a world's gaze the worth and wonderment.

Ah, ah! I choke.

Fernando. Stir more air here!

Alvero. I borrow air from a reluctant Jew. Then listen. - Ah, I stifle.

Fernando. Wipe his dark lips.

Alvero. Did I once live a man's life? No, O, no.

What, gaming, shooting, whoring? Do not spare

Your sins. Admit and curse. I was the toy Of velvet flatterers, pests in the house

Of noblemen, though quite unknown to them.

Ah, my own people! Cheerily you spoke

To crabbed authority, yet what a man

I was! Yes, "was". A man I am no more.

Fernando. I will revere all my life long your sword.

Alvero. I struck, but where- O, dunce!- was my wise book?

Fernando. The wisest utterance in any age I gathered in your common daily talk.

Alvero. Pah! Pah! Away! Had I but triumphed once

On my fat negligence, I would be well.

Fernando. O, do not speak of that. A son is spent

And bleeding at your too soft leniency.

Alvero. True, I prepared the sheets of a whore's bed.

Eugenia. He raves. Administer without delay Some opiate in my dying husband's throat.

Alvero. O, never have I spoken truly, sirs, Till this sick minute.

Rodrigo. Wipe his crazed brow.

Alvero. I die, I die. When I was foolish-young,

I was immortal. Ha! I kissed my life

Inside a harlot's cell and never saw

Death's veil and shadow creeping on my bed.

Mendoza. You have confessed and die a Christian ghost.

Alvero. Had I but seen her once, I might have swayed

The destiny of nations. Now I shrink

To loathsomeness, dust craving for more dust.

What things we are at life's end! Youth, regard

Death closely on my face: it sleeps on yours.

Your tomb is being scraped. Behold my form:

A bending yew next to its crevace. Press

A little and I'm gone. I sink in sheets.

Look in my mouth: death's food. I ruminate,

I gape, I tremble. - Who sighs in my ear?

Fernando. What do these looks portend?

Alvero. I'll fertilize. Where else can illness go?

He's here, too much here, far too near for me. (he dies)

Fernando. He is not dead.

Hortensio. Dead on this earth, Fernando.

Fernando. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

Mendoza. Forbear, my son, from open exclamations.

Rodrigo. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

Mendoza. Hold, is it seemly thus to wring the arms

And lose all bounds of manly-stern restraint?

Eugenia. He's dead: the knell of Spanish majesty.

Let other nations rise on hearing news

Of our defeat, to march in single files

Against our powers henceforth powerless:

We are alone, a prey to savages.

The lamp is quenched, my boys, no doubt on that,

And sputters in her stink: so must our Spain.

Mendoza. Come, come, come, sons and mother leap astray

Beyond all reason. This is merely death,

A trifling journey towards man's first home.

Fernando. Have you once lost a father?- Even so,

Not such a father as we have lost here.

Isabella. Let no one temper me. I am for shrieks

And maddened beatings on the face and neck.

Hortensio. Hold back her hands. She'll flay herself anon.

Fernando. Stay, sister. He is dead: he needs no tears,

Or anything at all from anyone.

Isabella. Fernando, tritely empassioned man, How easily you bear our misery!

By this death, you gain house, fields, treasuries

In heavy gold: you may well say "forbear".

Exit Fernando

But I have lost a father, and what's more

I have none other. Therefore, gentle sirs,

This tongue will never leave her sorrowing

And morbid lamentations till it sucks

The very earth that on my father feeds.

Hortensio. Where do you fly, good Isabella? Love-

Isabella. Away from mockery of grieving pomp,

Where, in eternal woe, I'll weep afresh

My not-to-be-outdone injurious woes.

Hortensio. I'll follow you, my dearest holy love.

Isabella. Ah, do not speak of love to me. On blood

Of love most often like a thirsty fly

I fed, and find myself the worse for it,

Since pleasure but prolongs our lasting fall.

Hortensio. Refuse to sleep with me: I like that well.

I thereby win the more the name and scope
Of a true sainted lover, giving mounds
Of gold, receiving dirt-balls. Thanks to griefs,
I'll be the fable of man's constancy.

Mendoza. I find too wind-tossed Christian virtues in

These raving suspirations.

Rodrigo. Hortensio, stay with me. My sister's mad.

Hortensio. I would much rather change my eyelids than

My hopeless love of Isabella's fate.

Exeunt Isabella and Hortensio, enter Felipe

Felipe. I know he is not dead. I'm sure of it.

Mendoza. More moderate griefs, I can truly tell.

Rodrigo. Forbear, my hopeless brother; you disturb

Our faith and courage at the story's end.

Felipe. Give me my duke, give me my father's voice.

Rodrigo. He's lost in everlasting sorrowing.

Felipe. Where is my father?

Rodrigo. Not here at least.

Mendoza. Gone, and our cries will not surprise his soul

Where it is standing now.

Eugenia. Here lies the temple of our worth defaced.

Rodrigo. All that is left of Spain's high regency

Behold, and sink. Go, wash away his corpse
With wailings and with cries; it will not smell
The sweeter for it. Knowing I am shorn
Of any partner in this final woe,

I'll weep alone and hope I drown in it.

Pausanias, that great walker, would not find
The grieving tomb where I intend to live.

Exit Rodrigo

Felipe. Pale father! Paler son! For he is gone
To certain joy, while I, forlorn and dry,
Hang like a single fig from a dead tree.

Eugenia. I am alive, my son.

Felipe. That smoothly soothing sweet pernicious tongue!

Do I possess some mother's blood in me?

Then out with it. (stabbing himself)

Eugenia. Ha? Are you mad?

Mendoza. What murderous attempt against religion

Is this, hah, hah?

Eugenia. Restrain him.

Felipe. Let no man be so weary of his life.

Ah, mother- ach, I hate that vilest word
On my tongue- woman, ah, look here, look here,

The mirror of all manhood, in the brunt
And deadly fury of a hundred broils,
The mocker of soft ease in his exploits,
So that all men who could behold such worth
Turned bloody at the sight and froze in shame.

His every second thought was harm to foes,
While you, the pink of fashions, lusciously
Soft on a bed with lewdest curly knaves,
Snored peacefully at home, well-kept and prized,

The wonder of an age, so decked are you
With curious-quaint festoons of revelry
And half-slit gowns that would make satyrs blush,

Exaggerating differences

Between a man and woman, till they hurt
A modest eye. Tie, cover, let the folds
Flow down more decently, unwind, repair.
Here, in this nest of roses, sickly sweet,
Did you besoot the front of manliness
To infamy, converting his last bed
Into a brothel filled with eager men.

Eugenia. Bind reason as the mentor of your ears.

Felipe. Here in that Eden of loose living-stop

Your smiling, wench.

Mendoza. Sir, is this not your mother?

Felipe. She'll not shift here. Here that lascivious Moor-

I cannot speak. Brain, why did you not hide
Ten thousand razors in these yellow sheets?

Enter Eleazar

Eleazar. Who loudly threatens here against the Moor?

Felipe. I'll find my way into a villain's heart.

Eleazar. (beating down his sword
Not in this life.

Eugenia. Will you not spare my son?

Eleazar. Had I as many souls as I have sins,
Were he ten of her sons, I would let fly
At this boy's evil-nurtured lying throat.

Felipe. Dissembling witch! You tremble for your love,

Not for your sons. Such cries should redden
Moors,

Though on their face that thing's impossible.

How past all semblance of becoming worth,
With tripping masques and loudest minstrelsy,

Suborning shame and killing honor, you

With lewd Moors ripped the bowels of our chests!

Eugenia. Do you stand still, beholding modesty

On a still blushing face quite trodden down?

Felipe. Do you stand still, beholding a sure whore

Uplifted and blown up in canopies?

Mendoza. Forbear, all three. By Spain's immortal church,

And by the king's decrees, religious in

The welfare of our state, I here proclaim

That the rank Moor is banished from the realm.

Eugenia. Hah?

Eleazar. Ha, banished? What, by you?

Mendoza. All coins, pomp, honors Moors unjustly gain

We confiscate at once, first beggars in

Morality, now final beggar in

His thriftless emptiness.

Eleazar. I'm cut off from my meat.

Felipe. Deserved, white Moor. Now skip away from Spain.

Eleazar. Spain will yet know what sort of heart beats here.

Eugenia. Will this not be reversed? Not tried at least?

Mendoza. No need, no need. His villainy's too plain.

Exit Mendoza

Felipe. Are you cured, grieving widow? Are you sound?

Eugenia. Call me a whore twice more should I not fling

The bishop's hat from his beclouded brows.

I'll have him reek such tears- believe it, sir,-

That all his superstitious chalices

Will drown in them.

Exit Eugenia

Felipe. Well, mother, I can punish any sin.

(closing the bed-curtains

Shut eye-lids of the bed, on grievances

Think no more: our day's done, good night to you.

Exit Felipe and enter Maria

Maria. Is my Moor banished from my burnished arms?

Eleazar. Too true, Maria.

Maria. Can Spaniards be so Spaniard to my hopes?

Eleazar. That braving bishop! I'll have him-what? what?

Let me be bound and scourged on fortune's wheel

If I fail to reverse and push that head

Beneath it which considers Moors are tame.

O, rare religion, that would have me sit

With beggars, die with whores, when I behold

A diamond lady every day I live.

Maria. A wife can follow you to any grave.

Eleazar. Name me a country with no place for graves.

By this decree, we may in Lisbon live.

The ocean air is pleasant, and with men

Enough to fatten sides of villainy.

But yet I leave behind a bishop's mouth

That laughs, a whore's boy clapping joyfully

Till midnight bells freeze his hands in moonlight.

This may not be if Moorish blood can flow.

Re-enter Fernando

Fernando. I hope it will not madden you, kind Moor,

If I enjoy the prospect of your wife.

Eleazar. Her prospect? Do. Ha! Ha! I laugh on that.

Fernando. You are a merry fellow.

Eleazar. Take her, enjoy her; you are head of all

Now in this house.

Fernando. You are too bold.

Eleazar. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Fernando. Your sad disgraces I have lately heard.

Eleazar. I'm very sad, too. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

All my catastrophes are on my brows

Inscribed in blood. O, cunning cunting, duke!

Fernando. You mar yourself with these unseemly jests.

The bishop is your danger: he is mine

As well; I need a steward; so, farewell.

Exeunt Fernando and Maria

Eleazar. My excellently discrete Maria! O,

My brows! I'm hurt here. Ha! Ha! Ha! And yet

I see now by your falling I may rise.

Exit Eleazar

Act 2. Scene 1. The bishop's house

Enter Bishop Mendoza, Duke Fernando, and Felipe

Mendoza. Is not religion flouted here? Let me know heaven only in dreams if that whelp Of hell, whose eyes, like funereal fires Above the top of mountains shining in Destruction, mean us well. My lords, do I Dream or was that Moor banished from the realm?

Felipe. He's exiled. I heard it.

Mendoza. Let reason's voice in gravest robes attired

Be heeded by all youths, who usually With loose jests bid the grayer world shog off,

Unheeding most, except fantastic fools

And cynics, ballad-mongers and coarse clowns,

Far meeter to their pate's capacity

Than a pope's slow deliberation.

Felipe. Hear, brother, for the sake of both our weals.

Fernando. The Moor's doom is repealed.

Mendoza. Ha? Did you speak? By whom?

Fernando. By me.

Felipe. Ha, are you mad?

Fernando. The man's my soldier, winner in our wars.

Already he has killed more Turks than beads
You finger after sinning.

Felipe. How, threatened and outdared?

Fernando. Will violence rule in Salamanca?
Leave,

My brother, lest our sword-points wake this day,

Like fattened vipers resting in the sun,
Disturbed by tetchy boys unknowingly.

Mendoza. What of the edicts of the king
against

The Moors in general?

Fernando. He always murders Moors, your eminence.

Enter Rodrigo

Rodrigo. What, is the Moor still here?

Mendoza. We stand amazed.

Fernando. Will not one word be heeded?
Justice for

The Moor in Spain!

Rodrigo. Why? Why?

Enter Eleazar

Felipe. Look how the well-filled toad swells
in our sight.

Mendoza. By this bright crozier of that
blessed love

From which derive worth and authority
Of our most potent king and reverence
Committed to our charge, by our just rule,
Most dreaded emblem of high majesties,
Past all lords' thoughts of honor, by the rod
Of regency in heaven and on earth,
We swear-

Eleazar. Ho, prelate, do not swear: it is
against

All known religions to curse a good man.

Felipe. Fah, brother, to the Moor you give
your hand?

Fernando. Yes, brother, to the Moor, who
loves me more

Than all my family, for otherwise
You would not cross my plans so often.
Thus,

He is my own: my steward and my friend.

Mendoza. We cannot speak.

Rodrigo. This will be hotly paid in Spanish
blood.

Felipe. Will sudden boldness, recently
dressed up

In a proud father's death impress us here?

Fernando. Done, in your teeth. The Moor
remains with me,

Despite your beards and voices.

Mendoza. By Peter's chair, you'll rue this
bitterly.

We are most sacrilegiously wronged.

Rodrigo. True, to the burning of our
Christian ears.

Mendoza. For once, I will take off my
shepherd's hat,

Meek kindness I renounce, dull patience,
care,

Humility, and mercy I raze out

From my high soul, for by this hideous
choice,

No less than folly in a bending slave,

Worse than the strumpet hand of
blasphemy,

You have made truthful what in future years
Will render chronicles impossible

To be believed in our brief times of pain.

Inside a case of steel I'll bend my brows

And wrap my joints, by nerves of wrath
made stiff.

Fernando. Do it. Unless I bear no ducal
sway,

That tongue of yours will wag in a dead case.

Felipe. These sickly humors such destruction
breeds

That I will join my brother's enemy.

Eleazar. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Rodrigo. Why do you laugh?

Eleazar. I laugh at seeing superstitious slaves
Turn purple in their rage.

Rodrigo. The wrinkles on your face I'll fill
with blood.

Felipe. Will you stamp, brother? Do: you
will behold

How happily to vengeance I am wed.

Enter Eugenia

Eugenia. Hold, puppet mimics of
disquietude.

Are you religious only in your deaths?
No reverence for our created duke?

Rodrigo. Will subjects be oppressed by
tyranny?

Eugenia. O, hear me speak, new monster in
fair form.

Mendoza, to the church we owe both love
And duty, by that gentle cross of blood
You wear, which bids all men to be content
With crosses. Speak in kindly gentle terms
To my forgetful son, whose ducal grace
Consists in floutings, scorns, and turbulence.
Felipe and Rodrigo are my own,
Except when they revolt against my duke
And theirs. To favored Eleazar I
Address some wholesome words: will you
not smile
On holy reverence and lawful rule?
Embrace at once the bishop and my sons.

(They embrace

Mendoza. These signs of duty make a
churchman yield.

Men of my party, to the lawful king
All should at once submit: Mohammedans
Are banished, but this Moor has proved
himself

To be the terror of Mohammed's tribe,
And therefore let him live. My lords, to king
And priest show less tongue and more of
your knees.

Eugenia. Is not a duke worth homage to our
eyes?

Display obedience to my son the duke.

Felipe. His honor is our own.

Rodrigo. Worth our defending.

Fernando. All thoughts of palsied hatred are
cast by,

Unseemly to the state. Religion's friend
And pillar of our cause, to you we bow,
Provided with that hallowed hand you bless
Our cause with happy benedictions.

Mendoza. Moor, notwithstanding all my
hateful words,

Do you forgive?

Eleazar. I do and will.

Mendoza. This holy water seals your bliss
and ours.

Eugenia. A gentle union pleases us today.

Mendoza. I'll bathe and with that water wash
away
My evil purposes against the Moor.

Exeunt Mendoza, Felipe, and Rodrigo

Fernando. One word. Will not your roof, in
thankfulness

Of promised honors, bid me welcome,
Moor?

Eleazar. I see where tends this soothing.

Fernando. Is it resolved?

Eleazar. There my Maria will receive her
grace.

Fernando. Thanks to your Moorship.

Exit Fernando

Eleazar. Have you some scheme in mind?

Eugenia. Do I have fingers?

Eleazar. Fit for deceptions.

Eugenia. Our enemies sleep very well at night.

Eleazar. No mother watches over your sons' sleep.

Eugenia. No.

Eleazar. Mendoza: he must first in water lose

His blood together with his filth.

Eugenia. Felipe and Rodrigo, two bad sons,
Will sleep with him in heaven.

Eleazar. They will rise all the happier.

Eugenia. Before I blacken their fair bodies, I
Intend to kill their souls.

Eleazar. How?

Eugenia. Proclaim both of these sons as
bastard ware.

Eleazar. Ha?

Eugenia. Though I declare myself before the
world

The fable of all women, I'll swear that
Felipe and Rodrigo were well stamped
In foreign coinage.

Eleazar. You should have been a negro. I
applaud

This sudden resolution.

Eugenia. What lasting harm can fall on those
who feel

No more in graves?

Eleazar. Thus our most hideous sin with
thoughts of love

Is made an angel. Excellent damnation,
Work with some speed before we groan in
bed.

Our greatest actions greatest dangers meet.
To deadly dangers let us therefore show
Our deadliest faces.

Eugenia. Do it with guile. Your face cannot
betray

With blushing. Work your spells more
cunningly.

Convert your face into a mask, and then

Convert the mask into your second face.

I'll send you friars to help propagate

Lies, fleeing fire in England for their faith,
Both quick and deadly in their offices
For love of us and money.

Exit *Eugenia*

Eleazar. My brothers, ho! None here to
serve the Moor?

Enter *Zarach* and *Balthezar*

Zarach. Four hands attend your Moorship.

Balthezar. Four ears await commands.

Eleazar. Our bishop is diseased: in pity
bleed

The patient, lest he wear away at last.

Balthezar. By this stern hand, he will not
suffer long.

Eleazar. Have you seen friars entering the
house?

Zarach. They stand outside to serve a dish
of death.

Eleazar. Do not forget your places. All of
this

Is matter for the state and secretly

Good servants see, but speak no word at all.

Exeunt *Eleazar*, *Zarach*, and *Balthezar*, re-
enter *Eugenia* with *Cole* and *Crab*

Eugenia. Are we agreed?

Cole. Will not, prepotent madam, loss of
faith

And honor work against our interest?

Here *Crab* and I stand ready, but yet how

Will it eventually fare with our state

When all the people understand your shame?

Eugenia. However I'm defaced here, with
this gold

You'll shine the brighter in a carping world.

Cole. Contented.

Eugenia. To see proud Spain, whom we have
ever loved,

Subjected to uncivil civil swords!

No, rather than bear that, let my name die,

No, rather than see that, I'll wear at once

The ugly badge of bleeding infamy.

Cole. What do you think, my fellow prisoner

In a bad world, made worse with hate of
priests?

Crab. Exactly as you do, twin prisoner.

Cole. We think alike. So is the world
improved.

Eugenia. Let all bold mouths speak of my
soul's disgrace,

No other pleasant discourse but our lust

And fatal rashness in an ancient hour.

Cole. Faults are most times believed, faults
of great ones

Far easier than most.

Crab. The poorest people better reconciled
To their condition when bold greatness falls.

Eugenia. Hereafter spice your speeches with
some praise

Of our bold Moor, who scorns dishonor's
blot,

As when he treads on lice unconsciously
In fields of war.

Cole. Who is the father of the bastard boys?

Crab. We must invent a father in this plot.

Eugenia. Our honor blushes, yet must speak
aloud.

Beneath the surplice of the lamb of Christ
Arises swelling scarlet bold in sin.

Cole. Mendoza, ha? That hoped-for
cardinal?

Eugenia. Should he succeed, no doubt the
world will see

A cardinal most carnal.

Crab. O, best of all! The rout always believe
Religion sins in purple.

Eugenia. Heap blasphemy, disgrace, and
appetite

Without delay on his religious head.

Cole. To render such a black-white knave his
due,

Crab and I will prepare our banishment,

Anathema, and death, as such must be

Our fate when stiff Mendoza hears this tale.

Eugenia. Go in for further orders while I
pray.

Exeunt Cole and Crab, re-enter Eleazar

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Eleazar. Loud laughter favors health.

Eugenia. Not to my sons.

Eleazar. Who else must go to it?

Eugenia. Your wife.

Eleazar. Ha?

Eugenia. Does loyal love make a Moor's face
turn white?

Eleazar. Had I four wives, as hardy Muslims
should,

All would go down beside a bolder love.

Eugenia. Remember your Maria as we rise.

Eleazar. Well, murder: ride in triumph with
our thoughts.

The sun shines brighter on Medea when
Each darkest fault is seen and recognized.

Exeunt Eugenia and Eleazar

Act 2. Scene 2. The bishop's garden

Enter Duke Fernando and Maria

Fernando. Sin tastes the sweeter when it
hides in shades.

Maria. Were it not for a duke's love, I would
stand

Above ground as dead women lie below.

Fernando. To love your duke is to show
duty, girl.

Maria. I have enjoyed your body: does this
not

Exceed a subject's service to her duke?

Fernando. These intricate by-paths in
gardens will,

I hope, prevent the blushing of a face.

Maria. Befitting places and occasion still!

Fernando. The gentle shadows and dark trellis-works

Seem to hold off the terrors of the world

From men's too precious knowledge, fastening

The name of honor on a chain of sins.

Maria. A mind of wax, by rude impressions marred,

In secret gardens knows the sins of men

And women without ever feeling them.

Fernando. Beneath the pear-trees, ripe for sinning, I

Prepare a little heaven, gobble down

Fruits of your bosom, heedless of the time,

Alive to nothing but our deathless oaths.

Exeunt Fernando and Maria, enter Eugenia and Eleazar

Eugenia. Do not look there.

Eleazar. No, I will not disturb my slumber yet.

Eugenia. My Moor! From where does this cool spring arise?

Eleazar. From the priest's bath.

Eugenia. In these waves we will see his life-stream ebb.

Eleazar. Look here: the stream already darkening!

Eugenia. Announce his death. I will exclaim, surprised.

Exit Eugenia and enter Balthezar

Balthezar. O, Eleazar, I in shame reveal

I quite mistook my man.

Eleazar. Hah?

Balthezar. The bishop is alive, to my despair
Escaped for blacker hands than mine could be.

Eleazar. How?

Balthezar. The spider is industrious, and the prey

Falls in its web from heaven, but we men

Work often to our pain, obtaining for

Our pain only more pain. For all my toil,

I saw a bishop in his bath,

And yet no bishop in his bath

But a low servant bending in the pool

To test the water's heat. When I came back

To lug the body, the priest viewed my crime

And ran away before I could reach him.

(Eleazar draws out his sword

Death to your servant?

Eleazar. Forgiveness sleeps on this sharp point. That priest

Can be by you recovered in his house.

Balthezar. I thank your worthy Moorship for this ruth.

Exit Balthezar and re-enter Eugenia

Eugenia. Ha, musing on our loves?

Eleazar. Our finely tissued maggot is away.

Eugenia. Hah? Hah? Escaped?

Eleazar. Our dream remains a dream, no fault of ours:

A golden binding on a blind man's book.

Eugenia. The morning dew is wasted.

Eleazar. No, do not rage. We will recover him

Before our ceremonial whoring in

His house of luxury. Why should I live

If not to catch and hold the mitered slave?

Eugenia. Do not be great in length of lewdness but

Too short in useful plotting and deceit.

Eleazar. He can curse all his dung-stars, but the Moor

Is no such kitchen-wench. A servant's death

Does not dislodge one single curly hair

Of my still pity, yet I'll dirty all

My finger-nails for him, but not fill up
 The hole until I heap a heavier guest
 In it to warm his body's side against.
 If our priest cannot serve us with his death,
 Let him at least be blamed. What ho, within!
 Death in the palace! Murder! Treachery!

Re-enter Fernando

Fernando. Who frightens the night-air with
 sounds of death?
 How, murder? Where?

Re-enter Balthezar with the servant's corpse

Eleazar. Here murder lives, a servant of my
 lord

The bishop done away.

Fernando. But why?

Eleazar. A devil in his fury is soon lost,
 But loyalty too ill paid in his house.

Eugenia. I heard it all: the planning,
 whispering,

And then the sudden flashing of the knife.

Fernando. Did you surprise a plan against
 my life?

Eugenia. Was it a dream, or did I hear the
 priest

Pronounce immediate sentence on our duke?

Fernando. No, no, no, no.

Eugenia. As certain as this womb once bore
 your form.

Eleazar. A man always religious in his hates.

Eugenia. A plot, a biting one from Christ's
 own lamb.

Eleazar. How gladly would he spill his
 swelling veins

Were yours but emptied!

Eugenia. Your title he will win, and quickly,
 too.

As duke of Salamanca he gains all.

Fernando. Bar all the gates.

Eleazar. He is escaped.

Fernando. I will plant trees to hang his limbs
 on them.

Balthezar. Let drums of loyal hearts beat for
 his death.

Fernando. This poisons scorpion blood, all
 nature's hates

Against our kind is tainted by his mind.

I will not kiss the frosty lips of sleep

Until I hear a plausible design

To hold this priest's head nailed on my bed-
 post.

Love of my country prompts me to such
 vows.

Exit Fernando

Eleazar. Should we succeed, an ark of
 carcasses

I'll raise to honor you. Arachne in

Her intricate design of tangled plots,

Prepared to be let loose on the whole world!

Here no Athena sits to murder you.

Eugenia. I thank you, dark prevention. By
 such means,

I am transformed into a newer dam,

A loyal subject in my country's cause.

To kill a bad priest cannot be a sin.

Exeunt Eugenia, Eleazar, and Balthezar
 bearing away the servant's corpse

Act 3. Scene 1. A room in the ducal palace

Enter Isabella and Hortensio

Isabella. I'll drink no water till I once more
 see

My tear-stained father in his muddy grave.

Hortensio. Forbear, my Isabella. He is meat

For eager worms, no white man but a thing

Black things move on.

Isabella. I'll sleep with no man till I sleep
 with him.

Hortensio. Then I'll become the mirror of man's faith.

I like a burning candle will hold up
My member to my gaze alone at night
In a cold chamber, praying with that gage,
No woman crossing sadly monkish eyes
Until these humors be laid by at last.

Isabella. On my bed dying till I see him rise.

Hortensio. Let it be so. Hortensio will be safe,
Provided he can die with Isabella.

Enter Eugenia

Eugenia. Night: bosom friend to lust,
dishonest shroud,
Help to the grave and men's wiles, silent bawd,

Whose black complexion hides adulterers
In hot embraces and commingling knots,
You are much like my Moor. His cheeks are yours

When he blows angrily against the whore
Who stains his bed. Then trembling stars begin

To prick with cold, defacing heaven's air
Corrosively, and old men's wheezing breath
Begins to whistle as they nightly curse.
The trimmest die of it. You are my child
Amid a progeny of enemies.

I'll cherish you as only mothers can,
When we stand sleepless over cradled sleep.
This sandstone house, once our best seat of love,

The grave academy of noble minds,
Is now a brothel. Thank my son for that,
Who, sporting with his Spanish strumpet-toy,

Bids shame now enter in our noble stock
To make a whitened leper of our Moor.
But what is worse than worst, Felipe knows
Their harlot ways and swears to God and men

That easy minion dies. Come, honor, thrive.
Let not our house-front be the school for jests

Of infamy in Salamanca streets.

Isabella. Fernando?

Eugenia. Bethumping pleased Maria as we speak,

Both deep-voiced moaners in their happiness.

Isabella. Eternal flames of shame on Spanish face!

Enter Rodrigo

Rodrigo. What are these exclamations in the night?

Hortensio. Put back your sword. Here we need eyes of steel.

Rodrigo. Two traitors no doubt bathing in their lust?

Eugenia. On pleased sheets strumming on each other's limbs.

Rodrigo. This arm, though nearly frozen by such news,

May yet perform man's work.

Isabella. Hold, hasty wasp. Back to your gravel nest!

Will surgeon knives quite cut away sound flesh

Together with the hated leprosy?

Eugenia. Our open ulcer's this: tonight the imp

Of hell, no more a wife than I'm a man,

Lasciviously clasps with my pumping son,
A duke of impudence and lustful play.

O heat untold! On banquets of the flesh

Two lovers with wet greasy lips delight

Their bodies in. Will bastards win in Spain?

If you can kneel to baseness, hide your shames

Beneath your pillow, snore on peaceful sheets

As unconcerned as sluggish winter flies,

But if you hold Spain's honor and renown
 Above your chamber pot, arise with heart
 And follow me. The time's a heedless child
 Who pleads unknowingly for careful whips.
 Delay's the nurse to danger in a house
 Of infamy.

Exeunt Eugenia, Isabella, Hortensio, and
 Rodrigo

Act 3. Scene 2. Duke Fernando's bedchamber

Enter Duke Fernando holding a sword in one
 hand and Maria's arm in the other

Maria. No, kill me rather. Better that than
 drop

Into the arms of honor honorless.

Fernando. My hand holds death, yet every
 region else

Burns gratefully for Venus' holy place.

Maria. On such a night black Tarquin rose
 from bed

To slay his love, before the heedless fool
 Could narrowly enjoy himself inside
 Her heat.

Fernando. A Roman maiden warm with love
 of death.

Maria. With this hand you can force my face
 to blush

Beneath a sword, but mine no longer will
 Lift with a craving lust your nether one's.

Fernando. Why? Why, Maria? You have
 countless times

Behorned the devil on his very bed.

Blind computation sickens on his beads
 While numbering each minute, day, week,
 month.

Maria. Enough is sooner satisfied than all.

Fernando. I'll make you view a bloodless
 bulwark soon,

Enough to make blood prickle on your face.

Maria. Ah, let it rather shine on my outside,

Not burn so deep within. My arms are set
 For violent manhood, not my cooler sides,
 Made artificial white by fear of death,
 Or rather fear of ghastly life with such
 A death in life as our adultery.

Fernando. I will hide you away from Moors
 and life,

Wake you with thoughts of death when
 midnight chimes,

Feed you with bones of black hyenas, or
 On cavern creatures dying of the plague,
 When Ajax' plate of honor bursts with fear
 And horror, till the months die in the arms
 Of years. My foolish dew does not become
 A man, much less men's ruler in his house.

Maria. Write on this flesh my testament;
 you will

Get nothing more from a true, loyal wife.

Fernando. Is the time fit to think of
 husbands now?

Come, circle my best pleasure with your
 hand.

Maria. No.

Fernando. Let visions quite assail me from
 myself,

If you, disdaining, do not on this night
 Stretch playfully beneath the devil's horn,
 A smile commanding what your heart
 desires.

Come, let us drink on Venus, love, and us.

Maria. No.

Fernando. (drinking No? Then- ha!

Maria. Your grace?

Fernando. What is this beverage? Is it cold
 fire?

Enter Felipe

Felipe. The butterfly drinks up our rotten
 fruit

And lies down worse than drunk.

Maria. What, does he sink?

Felipe. Mere poison, boon to all adulterers.

Maria. Ha?

Fernando. I die for woman's love. O, folly's crest!

Maria. Your grace?

Fernando. A dead man's finger catches at my throat. (he dies)

Maria. I am transformed into your icy fool.

Felipe. Fair devil burning in her lover's arms!

Enter Eugenia, Isabella, Hortensio, and Rodrigo

Eugenia. There sits the peacock-strumpet in her state!

Rodrigo. What's this? Ha? We arrive at last too late.

Eugenia. My son? Alas. The duke? My son! Alas.

Isabella. Dead, by these care-worn love-spoiled hands.

Hortensio. As deadly pale as his own monument.

Eugenia. A harlot killed my son.

Felipe. I killed Fernando. Otherwise, say that I know no medicine.

Eugenia. Ah, out with that man-heater!

Maria. Who now will plead for me?

Rodrigo. None, none. You are of all most shamefully

To blame for this, lewd wanton.

Isabella. Reserve her for some fearful punishment

Unknown on bare rocks in Moldavia, stain
Old swords of honor with a minion's blood.

Maria. All comfort in Spain is now lost by this

Of all deaths strangest.

Eugenia. May someone hold my hand, lest I become

A monster worse than woman on this night.

Maria. Ah, hear me speak, and let me die but once.

Eugenia. Who in this presence will blame gardeners

For hacking off at will infecting roots

In my son's April garden? Too remiss!

I'll have her forthwith strangled in her sleep.

Maria. Ah, open widely your windows, may
Some gentle pity trickle down to us,

Great heaven!

Hortensio. Mild pity sits in heaven, looking down,

But never in men's minds, except in dreams.

Exeunt Rodrigo and Hortensio, bearing away
Fernando and Maria

Eugenia. I could not die until tonight.

Isabella. Ungentle mother, by this hellish deed

In chains you bind yourself both hand and foot

To lust's dominion.

Eugenia. What do you mean?

Isabella. You are to blame for my poor father's death,

You are to blame for my Fernando's death.

Eugenia. A daughter touched speaks nothing we can know.

Isabella. Spain's wonder, do not fathers faint and die

On sight of freakish whoredoms?

Felipe. My mother and the Moor.

Eugenia. Have done, fair killer.

Isabella. You cry "have done" when we intend to make

A mother well.

Felipe. My mother and the Moor. I will go mad

With that thought to my grave.

Isabella. I should thank her for killing me too soon.

Enter Eleazar, Zarach, and Balthezar

Eleazar. Clap down the castle gates. Fly, fly, fly, fly!

Exeunt Zarach and Balthezar

I'll shackle pity far away from me.
May dry confusions shrink your hearts to dust.

Was it for this that I, in foolish pomp,
By love of country wasted, bled my hands
And face in needless wars? My wife ensnared

Inside a putrid cell, my honor stained
By a loose brother, thankfully killed off?
Stand back. I'll burn your ears with more complaints.

Felipe. Should we hear more?

Eleazar. More from the Moor until you choke on it.

My bed abhors to be a brothel-house.

Eugenia. Ah, Eleazar, rest content and free.

A guilty wife you may consider as
The loyal friendly spouse to dungeon worms.

Eleazar. That promised death strikes far less furiously

Than loss of honor, all because of you
And your allowing sons.- Do not touch me.

Maria, the grave being dug for you
Is in my heart enshrined. A hasty duke
Between her thick-creamed thighs bewhored my love.

Felipe. On your black face, I'll blot away that shame.

Eleazar. Ha, by my Titan cheeks, burned by the sun,

Unpitying still to braggart-blazers soon
Upcurled in smoke, thus will I write on front
Bleached white: "you have dishonored me too much"-

(He stabs Felipe

In characters of blood.

Isabella. Prevent the cruel wrathful senseless Moor.

Eugenia. My son, my son!

Felipe. No, no, I'm well. I'll bleed a traitor yet.

(They stab at each other

Isabella. Ha, are these men, or wolves of enemy

Packs on the snows of Russia?

Eugenia. I cannot speak for horror.

Eleazar. Hah, let him dare to lay a finger-end
On the thick breast of fearsome Africa,

And I will bury it inside the case
Of his own brother's carcass. By this steel,

Still blushing with the seed of lechery
On hot Fernando, I will mangle you.

I wear no badge of mockery and jest.

Re-enter Rodrigo

Rodrigo. A hole for such a creature! Brother, come,

Cry treason in your ducal palace and
We'll have the madman forthwith weep in chains.

Eleazar. He who can dare to open braving lips

Will have them driven with my dagger's point

Back to his throat. The Moor has said it, lords.

My wife, debauched, soon to be choked on straw

Because of swollen venery, what man
Of honor would not laugh and cheer to see
Return of grace on his dishonored head?

Re-enter above Zarach and Balthezar with muskets

What do you say, my lords?- No answer yet?

Eugenia. O, sheath away such mortal weapons, lords.

Death still engenders death. On her own corpse

She lusts, Narcissus-like, her progeny

Begetting still herself to untold age,

Her hot-cool organ loosened evermore.

What marvel is it, then, that she can thrive

Like worms in dunghills, till the world at last

Becomes one general grave?

Eleazar. I'm silenced.

Eugenia. Choose a new sovereign and save yourselves.

Isabella. What do you mean, strange mother? The new duke

Is without doubt Felipe, your white son.

Eugenia. You mean this murderer, who almost killed

Our general the Moor?

Felipe. How, general?

Eugenia. Who else can slaughter wholesome villages

Of infidels except our faithful Moor?

Isabella. Felipe is our sovereign, Felipe is

The loved commanding duke of Salamanca.

Eugenia. Felipe will not be our sovereign,

Felipe is not named our loving duke.

Will sudden fraticides reign over us?

I am ashamed to hear a daughter's words.

Eleazar. Mendoza holds the linstock to his fire.

Eugenia. Yes, yes, Mendoza. Can a bishop rule

Inside a house of peace? Forbid that, stars.

Felipe. My eyes are running glasses. Did I hear

A loathed mother's arguments aright?

Should we not kill all mothers in their bed?

Eugenia. Look well on Eleazar, value me,

Not for his blood, for he has none at all,

But for his puissant arms spent in our wars.

Look on Felipe, in ambition's grip,

In a black sweat to mince away support,

The bishop's bauble, whose throat is as wide

As death's, the beacon on this bobbing buoy

And venerable head. Speak louder, ruth!

Should we expose our country's mangled head

To these physicians? Let the body die

Instead. Will you hold rebel swords in Spain?

To stab a father, kill a mother's joy,

Make all our daughters bend to soldiers' lust?

Will you have death as your imagined duke?

So must it be if such red suns arise.

Zarach. Hail to black Eleazar, our new duke!

Balthezar. Death to Felipe, falsest duke of all!

Felipe. Set over Spain for many weary years

A bloody meteor, taking off men's lives

In heavy smoke, as little heeded as

The pebbles we bestride, let children swing

Into the clouds with hangmen's ropes to get

Themselves in practice, let all women turn

Into dark hunters, let men live to die

Or kill: death is our ruler in such lands.

So many coffins will line our church walls

That curates, benediction-weary, will

Rest fainting arms by weeping on their hands.

Rodrigo. I am convinced, not by a brother's faith,

But by a mother's shame.

Eugenia. I'll scorch you nearer still, unruly boy.

Felipe and Rodrigo, two white sons,

From base unholy loins are idly sprung.

Rodrigo. How's this?

Felipe. More hideous madness?

Eugenia. Love of my country scalds my face in shame,

A thing of scorn, but yet I'll speak. These boys

Are none of mine, but bastards of the time.

Isabella. O, I could weep to see such mothers live.

Rodrigo. Ignoble witch!

Balthezar. Let Eleazar reign!

Felipe. A villain and a lousy beggar slave!

Rodrigo. A bloody whoreson and usurping knave!

Eleazar. Thanks to you all. It is no ducal crown

I covet here, but Spanish peace at last.

Felipe. I will to Spaniards cry: "To arms! To arms!"

Rodrigo. Let all our manhoods melt, lay vineyards flat,

Raze down all country mansions to ant-hills,

If this new double birth of shame and death

Prevail in Spain despite our warrior hearts.

Eleazar. I'll levy powers that will frighten you.

Zarach. To wars!

Balthezar. To wars, with death to bishops at my hands!

Exeunt Eugenia, Isabella, Felipe, Rodrigo, Eleazar, Zarach, and Balthezar

Act 3. Scene 2. The market place

Enter Cole and Crab

Cole. Are the citizens this way?

Crab. My nose says they are.

Cole. Then let us go this way.

Crab. You better me, brother Cole.

Cole. I am improved by your sagacity.

Crab. Follow.

Exeunt Cole and Crab, enter Zarach and Balthezar with muskets

Zarach. Is your cock ready?

Balthezar. It will please, black brother, when it can give us pleasure.

Zarach. I own some shooting gear as well, untried

Against white faces.

Balthezar. Is it philosophic to kill these mummers, Zarach?

Zarach. No, it is religious.

Balthezar. Your reason?

Zarach. If these knaves live, we die.

Is that no precious reason, Balthezar?

Balthezar. You are a casuist. Well, I'm resolute.

Zarach. Behind yon pillar we will stare two men

To death. Who will become your white today?

Balthezar. O, Friar Cole, and for you worthy Crab.

Zarach. Good. Stand firm.

Balthezar. I tremble in my boots.

Zarach. Damned black-faced shameful coward rogue! Consider who commands this piece of awful business: Eleazar, whose looks are powder and fire. Who will rest secure by this trifle of men's death? A Balthezar, a Balthezar who will not only live but prosper. Who will die? Friar Cole and Friar Crab, two mumblers, bespectacled church-mice.

Balthezar. Cole: you are now the dearest dialectician on earth:

I know my duty, Zarach.

Zarach. Hide your black face in blacker shadows.

Balthezar. Cole, do not ask your whore to cook a heavy dinner tonight.

Exeunt Zarach and Balthezar, re-enter Cole and Crab with citizens

Crab. Brother Cole, we are advanced. At our tail, we have them, like musty spaniels with their fleas.

Cole. Lift your best leg upward on this platform.

Crab. We must keep to one form.

Cole. True. "In orations," as our Latin scholiast says,- or is it a godly one?-, no matter, "keep one form. If you rail, do it with a single tongue; if you charm, charm according to the principles: one thought, one form; one form, one thought." Here's judicious practice, I hope.

Crab. No doubt a scholar of deep Cicero.

I always envy your days spent in tongues.

1 Citizen. Masters, you know these monks better than I do, or ever will. Yet, in a word, I'll say, despite opinion, that Friar Crab is a proven lousy knave. Granting that, they may yet speak Christian oracles as far as we can understand. On my grave-stone, I could swear on it.

2 Citizen. Still is his doctrine sweet to faithful ears.

3 Citizen. With your permission, divinity savors ill under such mucky sackcloth faces. What do you think of Friar Cole?

1 Citizen. Wind in the church's arse-hole.

3 Citizen. Indeed, it is thought among the godly that his exhalations hold the same purpose as his backside, sweeter-voiced, too.

2 Citizen. Should you mark these well, you'll hear zealous tongues.

1 Citizen. And zealous buttocks full of matter.

3 Citizen. Peace, fart-faced bellows. They begin to assail for our benefit.

Crab. Citizens, hear us.

Cole. Hear us well, citizens, and heed us gladly.

Crab. You better me, brother.

Cole. I am improved by your sagacity.

Crab. By the holy father-

Cole. And the holy son-

Crab. And that other one-

Cole. Right.

Crab. A false conclusion.

Cole. Right.

Crab. No matter for doctrine, come to our business.

Cole. Sound profanity will be our rule today.

2 Citizen. Silence here!

Crab. Good. I say, brethren, good citizens and comfortable, excellent citizens, wise market-folks of Salamanca, grave fathers, comrades, and country-men-

Cole. Well-beloved honored Spaniards-

Crab. So much for the address, now for the meat of our oratory.

Cole. Right, or as the learned always say, the kernel.

Crab. You better me, favorable brother. Gentle craftsmen, it is well known to you-

1 Citizen. If we know it, why are we here?

2 Citizen. Silence!

Cole. You are not so dull or steeped in ignorance-

Crab. Steeped? Steeped is very good. You are not so steeped, my masters, as to be wanting in erudition, or, as the case may be, to lie amid the clouds, or, as it were, to be, as it were, foolish savages.

Cole. Or to be by total ignorance engendered-

Crab. Not knowing how villainous and strong-

Cole. How monstrous and huge-

Crab. Our supposed Duke Felipe's faction is.

Cole. The dastard one.

Crab. My brother ever speaks with the golden tongue of antiquity. Felipe, our supposed duke, you know and understand is a dastard.

Cole. And a bastard, too.

Crab. Felipe, who slew his brother-

Cole. The old duke-

Crab. Our lord, yet he did this, his brother-

Cole. And liegeman, and a subject, too.

Crab. Only to make himself a duke.

Cole. And your lord, and our lord.

Crab. In conclusion, Felipe's a bastard.

Cole. And a dastard, too. That's our conclusion.

2 Citizen. They speak hot Ezekiel and with more southern vehemence, hard to be controlled, than any sermon I have yet heard thundered from parish pulpits in my time.

1 Citizen. See how their faces glow in shadows!

Crab. Silence, master rogues! Authority speaks.

3 Citizen. I think they can eat up a bastard with custard.

Cole. Contrariwise-

Crab. Or, as it were, the white against the black- or rather the black against the white-

Cole. Or as the pearl against the muckhill-

Crab. There you better me again.

Cole. I still have matter in my pia mater, other than yellow hair, I dare be sworn against any pagan jeering on salutary recommendations. On the other, I say- what? on the other-

Crab. On the other, as it were, side, is the Moor.

Cole. The noble valiant Moor.

Crab. The valiant noble Moor.

Cole. Protector of the realm.

Crab. A valiant gentleman.

Cole. A noble gentleman.

Crab. A valiant notably noble and noted gentleman.

Cole. True.

Crab. And, in conclusion, a black-faced gentleman and worthy general, though always white in hankering for peace.

Cole. True, as the black against Felipe's white- I mean, the white against Felipe's black-

Crab. He is, contrariwise, your excellently worthy general and friend of all hours, an enemy against warfare but protector of your

wares and stores, together with your wives- should you acknowledge any- and children- should you wish to keep the little fools.

Cole. The people's champion and only bulwark.

Crab. In personal terms, I love and admire the black bully.

Cole. Reconditely expressed in personal forms well rendered.

Crab. A ruler very fit for our dead country, dying every day a little more.

Cole. And would become just such a ruler-

Crab. If not for Felipe's faction, pressed by Felipe, who would be duke, despite our teeth, who, as it is said, and well averred, is a bastard and no duke and a dastardly bastard if ever I knew any in Europe or the British isles, up to the snowy mud in Glasgow.

Cole. And therefore, to the wars, masters!

Crab. To the wars!

Cole. Compare further-

(The muskets are fired. Cole and Crab fall off the platform dead)

1 Citizen.. Treason! Treason! Felipe's faction!

2 Citizen. Away, citizens!

3 Citizen. To wars! Revenge and wars!

Exeunt citizens

Re-enter Zarach and Balthezar

Zarach. Ha! Ha! Ha! ha!

I laugh to see an idiot bleed and die.

Come, fellow, follow all the frightened deer

Back to their wifely homes and tavern holes.

Fit for recruiting, keen-eyed Balthezar!

Balthezar. I will agree with them and lift a stoup

To Mars, un-Venused at last from her mesh.

Exeunt Zarach and Balthazar

Act 3. Scene 3. A room in the ducal palace

Enter Eugenia and Eleazar

Eugenia. Ah, wretched Eleazar, save your life,
Put a stout guard around you, dearest love.
The rout, as angry as when Neptune chafes
And spits against the weary mariner,
Now cringe and whisper, now run up and down
In busy streets to curse your rising-up,
Then as the next wind favors with sweet breath
The bastard's side, with fear and wrath contend
Against each other. It is often said
Spain will no longer be after these wars,
Some crying: "Kill the bastard, up a pole
With him," and some: "The Moor! Let him
be found,"
Some crying: "May God save our handsome duke,
The graciously benevolent Felipe,"
And others: "Let us keep Eugenia safe,"
While many often say- too harsh a word!-
"The Moor must live no more in Spain this day."
Eleazar. Puh! Puh! Are these your fears?
Thus I blow them
Into air. On arriving at our camp
Of war, where yesterday confusion held
The precious ball of deadly harmony,
I smiled at all our troops. Into a mist
Of rebel swords I plunged, my ready friends
With knives and heavy stones at either hand.
A wonder great! Erewhile, the multitude,
At sight of us, in passion sought to snuff
Authority. Now gaping, they but sit
And mumble. Pah! Let them thus spend their mouths

Never so fiercely, yet a master's whip
They know and cringe under. Their avid will,
Sure but with plenty, when an action great
Must be resolved, melts like the snows of March.

A heap of fools a-standing at our gates
As so much liquid dung- I will not spare
Their worth- which we can always garner up
In order, now stand fixed, look at our signs
With wonder- in good faith, they'll die beneath

The flags they knew about but yesterday.
Those mouths of Cerberus, in anger meek,
Lambs staring at their master, I have tamed.
They stand in ranks. Now who can doubt,
love's queen,

But a fair lucky war can but ensue
After such wonders in our latter age?

Eugenia. In deeds of war, as well as those of love,
Ever the Moor!

Eleazar. Some greater enemies await our awe.

Mendoza's free. Cannot a woman bind
A man with iron grapples to her heart?

Eugenia. Here's a plot stirring.

Eleazar. Go to his house, then use your bludgeon, sweet.

Eugenia. A woman's bludgeon?

Eleazar. Indeed, her love. Steal his religious heart,

Let him behold your eyes and he'll forswear
His chalices to warm his bed with soft
And precious weights. If you but speak to him,

A man's credulity can do the rest.

Eugenia. In ambush lie and wait: you'll find at last

A woman can do much.

Eleazar. I never doubted that since infancy.

Exit Eugenia, enter Zarach and Balthazar

Have they exploded in their monkish cowls?
Zarach. We saw them sprawl and turn up
 the white of

The eye.

Eleazar. I stand, they perish.

Balthazar. Will it now please your Moorship
 to view well

Our troops in ranks of battle in the field?

Eleazar. Onward! Like countrymen you
 show yourselves.

When the superfluous die, we walk above
 The mud in fertile fields without restraint.

Exeunt Eleazar, Zarach, and Balthazar

Act 4. Scene 1. A field of battle

Enter Bishop Mendoza, Felipe, Rodrigo, and
 soldiers

Mendoza. Ah, papered Salamanca, folded
 Spain,

How are you shredded by ambitious Moors!

Wronged lords, your Salamanca bishop with
 Most heavy eyes partakes in all your griefs.

Yet vengeance, our sure banner, gallantly
 Hangs in the winds, and sooner than a bolt
 From dark clouds bursting with redoubled
 force

Strikes a man standing will we singe the
 Moor,

To make his dark face blacker.

Felipe. Not for the mounted Moor I moan
 and curse,

But for a fallen mother- luckless name!

I wish I had nothing to do with such
 A heated harlot-piece. You know my mind.

Rodrigo. She means to marry him.

Felipe. Can nothing close that oven? We'll
 soon see

This mother dropping from the puffing
 Moor

To sweat and smile between ten darker
 thighs.

O, seat of luxury! Spain burns, my lords:

Live on her ashes and renounce our state.

Rodrigo. I would not have you madder than
 you are.

Felipe. If it be madness to hate traitor-lusts,

I'll hug that passion on my plated heart.

Here, on my knees, I swear to I do not

Know what, that I will rip the name of son

From my heart, with affection, duty, faith,

And natural regard, all offices

Sons owe to mothers: these I henceforth
 scorn,

Worse than the infant bed of sodomies.

Death: be my mother, murder, sacrilege,

My friends, to show the world I cannot melt

On her rank sweating. Well may sons revolt

On nature, when their heart's source gluts
 herself

On rotten blackberries.

Mendoza. You tear our bellows with these
 rages, son,

So that what should be lifted cools away.

Rodrigo. A velvet brow befits avengers.

Wear

Contempt beneath your heart, expose a face

Of form. No sharp tongue pierces well-
 armed Moors

But what is felt on heavy scabbards.

Felipe. So, I am tamer.

Mendoza. Let us converge our many divers
 wrongs

Into one pointed black-stone for the Moor.

May our religion's end be to see him

Split on ten pikes or burning with his
 friends.

Rodrigo. Just resolutions!

Felipe. I hear his drum. Forget completely

The heart of any mother you have known.

Rodrigo. Her visage is a stranger's.

Enter Eleazar, Zarach, Balthezar, and soldiers

Eleazar. Spain's bastards, do we meet again at last?

Felipe. Come nearer, Moor. I'll show you arms and works.

Eleazar. I crave with woman's longing in her pains,

Before I die, for that delivery.

Balthezar. Erewhile, that bishop quite escaped my wrath

In water; here he'll leave us in his blood.

(They attack each other. Signs of alarm and then retreat. Exeunt Eleazar, Zarach, Balthezar, Mendoza, Rodrigo, Felipe, and soldiers, fighting; re-enter Mendoza and Felipe

Mendoza. The Moor prevails.

Felipe. Is there no poison in these hazelnuts? A priest confounds us. Do you say such words

And hope to live? I will not be myself

Until I crop away his arms and legs.

Mendoza. Hold. What if he strikes back, my forward lord?

Felipe. Move forward with your ranks, or we are lost.

Mendoza. They will refuse to move, fool.

Felipe. I will cut off your miter-pressed ears If you do not command your palsied troupes.

Mendoza. They will not budge one foot.

Felipe. Ha, will we lose the day? I'll hit my face

Until I faint, so long as I rest free

From your unwelcome sight in fields of blood.

Mendoza. Do you possess your wits?

Felipe. A pox on your religion if you stare And cannot fight! You help the Moor with tears

And cowardice, to render Spain a waste For crows to pester in. No purple do I see but chalky-green discomfiture.

Mendoza. There is no stratagem in your assaults.

Felipe. A strategy, pale shepherd? What is it?

Zounds! I'll forget the Moor and fight my wars

Against your puling baby faces.

Mendoza. Irreverent boy!

Felipe. Irrelevant ancientry!

Mendoza. Leaking pot of malice!

Felipe. Icy senseless block!

Mendoza. I'll sit and watch you die.

Felipe. You will not fight? The pages in our ranks

I will command to beat you, sousing you In dying soldiers' dung. You will not fight?

Do you hear, reverend slave? Hazard limb

And life for us, or I will rouse our grooms

To mush your soapy soppy countenance

And make our bush-boys idly grin on you With lighted trees till Christmas.

Mendoza. I do not know you.

Exit Mendoza and re-enter Rodrigo

Felipe. A stratagem? To save his pale-green skin

Is his sole stratagem. Ha, fat-chapped guts!

I'll dress a mute rheumatic as the Moor,

Have him bear up a burning tennis-stick,

And laugh to see the bladder-bishop quail

And run away from him. Let prelates go.

Pah! Let them piss alone. I'm for the Moor.

What cannot angry men do! Milky nose

And lips! I cry just so: A Moor! A Moor!

Rodrigo. Ho, brother, are you sane?

Felipe. No, and yet wittier than a bishop who

Can run away in fear without his hat.

Rodrigo. You play with our destruction.
Have you seen

Fire on dry leaves? A hundred village pails
Cannot contain its rage. Men are like reeds
To your revenges, harming friend and foe.

Felipe. I'll take the Moor.

Rodrigo. Death like a falcon on commanding
arms

Owes him obedience. He, and only he,
Controls the field, an idol in a camp
Of dying penitents, who dare not rail
Against his godless wrath.

Felipe. Where is the Moor? Where? Where?
Where? I'll slay him.

I'll drive a pike straight through his brains
and laugh.

My Moor! Where is the blowsy-headed
jack?

Enter Captain Barato and soldiers

Barato. Sound the retreat again, or we lose
all.

Felipe. (striking him

I'll sound your head, degenerate pug-snout.

Rodrigo. Ha! Is our noble captain bleeding?

Barato. A little.

Felipe. I'll tear that head which speaks of
loss to me.

Rodrigo. You mar all our designs,
ungoverned thing.

Had I your faults, you would not speak with
me.

Felipe. Fight, kill, be damned. I'll heed no
reason here.

With linguists prattle, bluster with the
tongue

Of yellow-bound philosophies. Meanwhile,
I'll fight, to win new honors till I rend

My sinews in a ditch on Moorish bones.

Rodrigo. Where is the bishop?

Felipe. The fat-backed bishop will taste our
revenge

Before yon sun bleeds on our works. Ha!
Ha!

I'll bishop him. Ha, ha, what did you say?

Retreat? Retreat? Be cursed, mountain-goat

Begotten in warm milk. Retreat? O, slave,

I'll cleave that word on the roof of your
mouth.

Will finger-in-the-eye despair down us?

I will astonish the entire world with

Strokes born of unseen terrors, or else call

Felipe nothing better than a son

Of such a mother.

Barato. Advance, then, sirs.

Felipe. There, there, again, again! The Moor!
The Moor!

Re-enter Eleazar, Zarach, Balthezar, and
soldiers

Rodrigo. Now show yourselves true men of
honest stamp.

Felipe. A Moor! A Moor! A Moor! A
Moor! A Moor!

(They attack each other. Signs of alarm and
retreat. Exeunt Zarach, Felipe, Rodrigo,
Barato, and soldiers, fighting

Eleazar. What, are you wounded, loyal
Balthezar?

Balthezar. Ah, slightly. (he dies

Eleazar. Blood hurts my eyes. Ha! Ha! Not
mine, I hope.

Ha! Ha! These wars! Ha! Man can never do
Without them. Do they not on negro cheeks

Paint fresher colors? Goodly exercise

As well! What better way to stiffen joints

And sinews, make the belly firm and clear,

Refresh the eye, plant suppleness and
strength

To leg and arm? Is it not so, good friend?-

Ha? Ha? So soon? Doze soundly, Balthezar.

I wish things were as when our fathers bled.

O, in that age, what knocks were seen and heard!

O, for more work, more ways to ship a soul
In post direct to fleeting Phlegeton.
Fill up grey Charon's boat with carcasses
Until it topples over with the load.
My Balthezar, now will you rest inside
A grave, but yet do kings in marble sleep
With greater ease and comfort than your own?

Re-enter Felipe with a broken sword

Felipe. Illusions? Have I stalked through clouds of blood

To find a Moor twice in one day? I dream?

Eleazar. I'm yours till one of us discovers death.

Felipe. Come, Moor, come, Moor, no words.
It will flow out.

I'll wear you on my pommel. Pellet-deaths
In thick streams gushing forth, to make a man

Believe there is no hail on earth but gore!

Eleazar. Are you Felipe, or Felipe's shade,
Bedaubed in slaughtered images of him?

Felipe. He who will run quite mad unless he burns

Your carcass on his mother's grave. Your sword!

Eleazar. Against that toy?

Felipe. This child is thirsty.

Eleazar. It is far better never to have seen
The Moor when he is angry.

Felipe. Blood is too poor a subject for my sword.

Come, flat-nosed porcupine of death and woe,

I'll carry off your guts for pricking well

My mother on my father's saddened bed.

Eleazar. Thus, thus, I break my own, to wreak revenge.

Felipe. Good.

Eleazar. Thus, only for your sake.

Felipe. Good, good.

(They fight

A hit!

Eleazar. Then die applauding without arms such deeds.

(They fight

Felipe. O, cut? I bleed, I bleed apace. O, shame!

Hide me with Strabo in a pyramid,
Or help me fight against the Moor, until
Diana shrouds us in her dimmest pall.

Re-enter Zarach, Rodrigo, Barato, and soldiers on both sides

Zarach. I envy bleeding in such company.

Rodrigo. Ha! Do you see? What thrusts, what cuts and blows!

There is more blood on buckler, helm, and shoe,

Than what flows burning in a brave man's veins.

Felipe. Let no man fight on either side until
I rid the world of such a puppy slave.

Eleazar. Let no man fight on either side until
I rid the world of such white rottenness.

Felipe. Again, Moor.

Eleazar. I am already here.

(They fight

Felipe. Ha, death! S'blood! Death and blood!

Eleazar. Argh! Huh! I will undress you bloodily

For that sharp blow and rip your heart away.

Rodrigo. They strike like crazed street-stabbers drunk with loss

Of blood and sweat.

Felipe. The Moor is down and biting on his gore.

Eleazar. True, true, the Moor is down, and you are dead.

(Both faint. A bloody foray ensues. Exeunt Rodrigo, Barato, and soldiers, fighting and bearing away on each side Felipe and Balthezar

Zarach. Where is my lord?

Eleazar. Here, resting on his handsome bed of sweat.

Zarach. Ha, can you rise?

Eleazar. I love to bleed when my foes die. On! On!

Death is the port for men of blood. We waste

Good time with comforting mere open wounds.

Exeunt Eleazar and Zarach

Act 4. Scene 2. Bishop Mendoza's bedchamber

Bishop Mendoza and Eugenia are revealed in bed

Mendoza. You are too fond of me.

Eugenia. Perennial weakness in all women, sir:

A too rich store of love reserved for men.

Men are like beasts- worse, beasts kill for their meat,

Men for their fancy. But a bishop is

A rich exception to that sorry rule.

Mendoza. A bishop practices high-minded love

As avidly as when he preaches it.

Eugenia. You are more often on the very point

Of love, I notice, than in preaching it.

Mendoza. True, rarely do I drop short of it.

Eugenia. The soreness in my middle and my thighs

Attests that boasting is no bishop's sin.

Mendoza. We are commanded by God's very mouth

To love each other.

Eugenia. In these loose times of burning lechery,

It is some comfort to find duteous priests.

Mendoza. On garbage spoils men often feed, but I,

Your priest of love, select the pure and best.

Eugenia. It would be shameful, while men sink on trulls,

To find a prelate vilely ignored.

I often weep on follies of my sex.

Mendoza. What of my own? No, never spare our faults.

Men are much worse- I speak of the best ones-

Than any whore in love with sin and death.

Eugenia. Ah, what a lovely purling quiet nook

Amid this jangling! How fares our loud wars?

Mendoza. I cannot know. I left these at the most

Exciting time. There my Eugenia found

A soldier with his drum.

Eugenia. Together with his stick.

Mendoza. Ha! Ha! A very pretty jest, I think.

Enter Eleazar

Eleazar. Who laughs while true men bleed?

Mendoza. Ah, no, the Moor!

Eugenia. O! I could cry, to wake all devils fit For daily punishments against our sins.

Mendoza. By the Lord's blood, I'm shamed forever now.

Eleazar. Your cincture is unloosened,
bishop. Ha,
My cheeks burn when I see my dearest love
Lift swollen purple cloths of whoring
priests.

Eugenia. Ah, will you raise your sword
above two cheats?

Do: vilest ones deserve no clemency.

Mendoza. Let me not die while hugging my
fat sin.

Eugenia. So, hyssop, will you jest on what
you fed

With fatted lips all night without complaint?

Mendoza. I spoke in metaphor.

Eleazar. I'll bleed your metaphor as
copiously

And low as when you spill unlawful lust.

Eugenia. Discharge your furies: we rest quite
content.

Mendoza. No, no. I wish this meeting,
shrouded with

The wings of peace, would carry horrid woes
To olive-bearing beaks of comforting.

Eleazar. I'll lay it by for once.

Mendoza. Saved by the devil!

Eleazar. Felipe, bastard-born, ambition's
whore,

And only danger to our dynasties,

Makes you his ladder. How will rising fools

Fare when you fall as they mount higher
still?

Mendoza. Religion hates a bastard.

Eleazar. Without your arm, he scrapes along
with crutch.

Eugenia. The earth below must bear his
bastard trunk.

Eleazar. When such slaves fall, my thunder
hides in clouds.

Mendoza. I smell the train of powder that
will blow

Beneath us all, unless we gently kiss

As Paul commands.

Eleazar. Send every soldier home to loving
arms,

Safe from the spoils of greatness.

Mendoza. I'm yours forever.

Eugenia. Not mine as well? A ducal bed is
cold

And empty: fill it, lord.

Mendoza. How!

Eugenia. Will not our marriage quite disarm
my son?

Mendoza and his wife, a ducal pair

In golden Salamanca harvesting!

Eleazar. I see, despite my hardened brows of
wood,

This woman's course's the way to hold the
hand

Of angry men in blood. Contended, dear!

Mendoza. Religious Moor! My head is
blessed, I see.

Eugenia. Not just your head.

Eleazar. (closing the bed-curtain

Fair dreams to both, though rarely sleeping
there!

Enter Zarach

Zarach. My lord, Felipe's mounting
charriot's up.

Eleazar. No, melting Icarus is falling off.

Zarach. How?

Eleazar. On our tumultuous way, with rising
heart,

I'll speak of female miracles. Twice heard,

A wonder is a garment overworn.

Exeunt Eleazar and Zarach

Act 4. Scene 3. A field of battle

Enter Felipe and Rodrigo

Felipe. So, is another long day lost to us?

Rodrigo. Sit, sit, sit, sit.

Felipe. Ho, rabbit! Is it he? Inside his bush?

What, running off twice in one war? So-ho!

Rodrigo. Not here.

Felipe. Fit for my scabbard! Purple rabbit, ho!

Rodrigo. A brother nails my heart-strings to the earth.

Felipe. So flouted and abused? While temple gates

Of hell groan on their hinges and the Moor

Sings for his slaughter, thus to be refused,

Thus to be cheated by a coward-slave

Religious in his rabbitry! Ha! ha!

Rodrigo. I'm glad of it. So honor will be worth

The costlier in her dress when we wear it.

Felipe. Glad, glad, glad, glad! So-ho! Where is the toad,

The fat-skinned trembler, ha? I'll be his cook.

Let me but sauce the rabbit once. Ho, priest!

Ho, Judas with a crozier, come at once.

Rodrigo. I see our fellows crawling home. Have done.

Felipe. Some with one leg-bone, some with half an arm.

Good, good. I'm glad they have escaped so well

When all loud actions thunder. Ho, ho, ho!

Rodrigo. will you stick on my red shirt?

Rodrigo. Like a disease of blood.

Felipe. You rip my flesh. I am ashamed to death

Of such a soldier, ha! Do you kiss fame

As your own love?- I do not know you, then.

Rodrigo. More horrid news.

Enter Barato

Felipe. I'll kiss them yet. Say where we win, where they

Will lose, say that you die for dukedoms, sir.

Barato. A wife and children weep at home for me.

Should I die here, they beg.

Felipe. Ho, excellent!

Rodrigo. How, idly floating in the bishop's coat?

Barato. Too rich for me, and yet the only one

I have without ten holes cut out of them.

Felipe. What if a rapier cuts you in the eye?

Rodrigo. When will you heed, impatience?

Felipe. Hang with their vestment such wet peasants.- Here.

Barato. Gold speaks well.

Felipe. I have converted him. He is a reed

That whistles when the wind comes through our way.

Barato. My legs are not of the thick-set, or my fists of the iron kind, yet I can run to death, eat with them, cuddle with them, I swear on that. They have at least so much honor left, not of the couch kind, scarcely knowing how to bend the hams, weak-pining ballroom-fitting garters for the nobleman's and lady's sakes, against your enemies' flight. I'll ply them all, by God's lids, and if you do not cry "hallo" to the hares, quarter me in two.

Felipe. I love the bully now.

Rodrigo. Is he mad, too?

Felipe. Load him with Spanish honor: give him gold.

To see that face, marred with a hundred wounds,

That leg, a dead tree rotting, and that arm-

I will not speak of that- to see all these,

Amid our men of blood, advancing here,

Warms up my heart no less than Christmas cheer.

I nearly weep on it. I will say this:

It shows more grace and honor than we can

Speak of them. If you lose that hand- trust me

For once, good soldier,- if that foot be shorn,
I'll send both after you to your own house,
And both of mine as well. Come forth for
deeds.

Barato. Worthily our general speaks of
modest patches, soon to be graced. Lame
soldiers I have seen on cathedral steps in
Madrid, very lousy ones, whose fleas refuse
to live with them, unworthy of the crutches
they lean on for the sake of pity, carrying no
more virtue than a lap-dog's piss or my
wounds' pus. Not I. A man may follow you,
almost to be graced, together with other
brighter lords, to the grave's shadow, and
that, as we know, is all we know, there we
can no farther see, the rest lying too far
beyond our ken and happily that's so, I
think, or else I cannot meditate or mediate on
a shrunken belly.

Felipe. Come, bandages, come, dirt.

Enter Bishop Mendoza

Rodrigo. The bishop! Has he lost his
battered helm?

Felipe. Here, large-eared bishop, here; here,
hare, here, hare.

Mendoza. I am not for your lure.

Exit Mendoza

Felipe. Ha! Is it possible?

Rodrigo. I will hale back the hare.

Exit Rodrigo

Felipe. More lessons, come. These show
more sapient wit
Than Villalpando's dialectics.

Barato. I am no scholar with an empty cloak.

Felipe. I have a heart, two arms, a soul, I
think,

Two legs: I'll lay them down and venture all

Only for the Moor's head. Is that no fair
Exchange? Come, tread on me, bewhore and
trade

On mucky fields my sister: I will smile
At it, provided you can yield the Moor.
Have I not said quite simply? Am I sound?
Is it not understood? Are we agreed?

Barato. My hands and yours are one.

Felipe. I'll paint my plated breast with the
Moor's blood.

I have sworn twenty times at least on that.
No more. Give me but half your heart, and
we
Are surely complete against decay.

Re-enter Rodrigo dragging forth Mendoza

What is that paper?

Rodrigo. The order, signed with our best
mother's love,

Borne by that puking sop, of your arrest.

Felipe. What have I done?

Mendoza. Here is my moment. I fear nothing
now.

You are arrested, lord, for poisoning
The realm. Your mother and my to-be wife-

Felipe. His wife?

Rodrigo. Which mother?

Mendoza. Your mother and my wife agree:
he is

Arrested as a traitor to fair Spain.

Felipe. A traitor, I?

Enter soldiers

Mendoza. There stands the traitor. Seize and
bind him well.

(The soldiers seize Felipe

Felipe. I'll weep for you in prison, priest.

Barato. A filthy world, no better, by my
wounds.

Exeunt Mendoza and soldiers holding Felipe

Rodrigo. I'll tear his paper, throw it in his corpse.

The devil-Moor's in this with that hot dam,
My leaping mother.

Barato. I loathe the light we see.

Rodrigo. Greybeard, kill me in shackles,
razor me,

Or I'll die biting my hard yoke tonight.

Barato. Ha, can a brother weep?

Rodrigo. We are quite fallen into pitch: I can
No longer see us. I'll engender what
I cannot dream of yet. Let the world spin
With Galileo as it rightly should,
I know my course: I'll plead, despair, run
mad,
And die at last: small matters in the teeth
Of all our wrongs, which may not be
redressed.

Exeunt Rodrigo and Barato

Act 5. Scene 1. The ducal palace

Enter Bishop Mendoza, Eugenia, Eleazar,
two lords, Felipe, guards, and Zarach bearing
ducral crowns

Mendoza. Now, Eleazar, heed well our
desire.

It is the pleasure of these careful lords
To ease you of Felipe's bastard trunk.

Eleazar. You rid me of much care.

Mendoza. A stronger guardsman should
defend and hold

That rebel lord in earned captivity.

Eleazar. Agreed, your eminence.

Mendoza. Take quickly to your chosen
places, lords.

Felipe. My grave, you mean.

Mendoza. Remove the prisoner, lest he
disturb

With dumps all our proceedings on this day.

Felipe. I thank you for that prize.

Exit Felipe, guarded

Eleazar. Send for the chosen pair, my
Zarach.

Exit Zarach

Mendoza. Which chosen pair, Moor?

Eleazar. My careful-worthy lords, on
fortune's wheel

Pre-eminent I stand, your servant-Moor,
Who, triumphing, stills wars and takes down
foes,

But with low blood, unworthy of the charge
Of his provision. Can a lowly clown

The ducal crown recover? Then beware
That iron screws of fate do not fix him

On an unpitying sweaty rack. It is
For this cause that I must discard my pomp,
Resigning with a smile my generalship.

I Lord. We thank you, Moor, and you will
find Spain can

Reward as well as punish and condemn.

Mendoza. Let us proceed to the election,
then.

Eleazar. Is boy-Felipe duke?

Eugenia. Yes, a duke in his prison cell, where
he

Is glad to reach some water in his thirst.

Eleazar. A bastard, duke?

I Lord. How is this proven?

Eleazar. Permit our former duchess, worth
the fame

She savors, loving Spain above her lusts,
To speak for all our duties. Name the man,
The bastard-making father. It is said

By some that he should rule as sovereign.

I Lord. O, not by us. O, no!

2 Lord. O, never!

Mendoza. No, no!

Eleazar. What if he is a mighty one of Spain?

Mendoza. Though it be twenty years since last he sinned,

The traitor dies in prison with the rest.

Eleazar. Now, shame, uplift your brows; be bold in truth,

As once you were in darkly secret lust.

Eugenia. May Spain lie in grave-clothes before I am

Commanded to speak of strong strumpetry.

Spain's honor is my shame. Felipe- ha,

Were my white tongue cut out!- is my own son,

Yet not my own, the apple on a tree

Quite poisoned at the root. Ah, my cheeks glow.

1 Lord. Who is the man?

Eugenia. I burn. He sits with us this minute, lord.

1 Lord. Ha! Ha! Who is the man?

Eugenia. The bishop.

Mendoza. Ha! Who?

1 Lord. Hypocrisy: your face is scarlet smoke.

Mendoza. Which bishop?

Eugenia. There sits the tempter.

Eleazar. Though it be twenty years since last he sinned,

The traitor dies in prison with the rest.

Mendoza. I choke beneath the wheel I carried forth.

Eleazar. Too tardily comes shame on purple cloths.

2 Lord. What is Mendoza's answer to this charge?

Mendoza. I never was a father.- Ah, I spill.

To me you do this, treason's paramour?

Eugenia. The heated ferret tickled first my ears,

Too much a woman's, with strange sounds. I wept.

Yet with each passing minute pleasing was
My torment. On two closely darkened
breasts

Was lust enshrined and celebrated home.

Mendoza. I thought I would be married on this day.

No, let me not be buried in her pit:

I'll find a happier grave.

Eleazar. Down, lecher, down! On iron let him spend

His sacriligious mouthings.

Mendoza. O, could I speak-

2 Lord. Too filthily remorseless and too base!

Eleazar. Though it be twenty years since last he sinned,

The traitor dies in prison with the rest.

Mendoza. My time is now the past.
Mendoza lived.

Exit Mendoza, guarded

Eleazar. Who else may reign? Rodrigo?

Eugenia. A bastard with the other.

1 Lord. A traitor to the state.

2 Lord. Unfit to rule.

Eleazar. My lords, prepare to cheer a happier sight:

Your duke and duchess.

Eugenia. What do you mean?

Eleazar. Your honor is bewitched with too late tears.

Enter Isabella and Hortensio

Eugenia. My daughter with Hortensio?

Eleazar. Thus hand in hand the happy pair ascends

To greatness and the gladness of our hopes.
(crowning them

Eugenia. What brainsick jest is this?

Isabella. To kill past deeds of shame and to advance

At last the cause of virtue in our land,
 Refuting a bad mother, we have come.
 Behold your sovereigns, almighty lords.

Eleazar. Although some fear the source of
 her clear stream

May well lie muddy, virtuous are her looks,
 And worthy of fair Salamanca's love.

1 Lord. O, very worthy looks!

2 Lord. Divine! Her eye already promises.

1 Lord. Her face speaks all in honor of our
 cause.

Eugenia. What, will a daughter rule?

Eleazar. Together with Hortensio, married
 on

This day, of all the happiest since you
 sinned.

1 Lord. O, royal-pleasing days and nights at
 last!

2 Lord. A new age for our old age thanks to
 them!

Eugenia. Will you thus wrong-

Eleazar. I do. It is quite right to wrong a
 whore,

Though crowned, now quite uncrowned at
 last by lust.

Eugenia. O, I have given you no less than all-
 Shame heating shame!- no, do not weep on
 stones,

Too loving woman. Are these pearls? No,
 mud.

My love is like an ocean: in one part

A deadly tempest blows, and all the rest

Too smooth and generous, but here the man

Attains the bank and thinks of me no more.

Hortensio. Lead her to prison, guards, before
 our eyes

Forbid us do what duty should command.

Eugenia. In dungeons let me warp, so long as
 I

Behold none of your faces in this world.

Exit Eugenia, guarded

Eleazar. Here, lords, let us rest. There's a
 banquet set

For our new ducal pair. Rise and rejoice

With gladdest wishes to their free-born
 house.

Exeunt Isabella and the lords

Do you shun me?

Hortensio. My Isabella grieves, a favorite
 Diversion in her happiest hour, when her
 Felipe breathes foul air in servitude.

Eleazar. The traitor is condemned.

Hortensio. We will reverse that doom.

Eleazar. Already ruling master in our house!

Hortensio. All will be reconciled.

Eleazar. You are the man. Good.

Exeunt Eleazar and Hortensio

Act 5. Scene 2. A prison cell

Enter Felipe, Bishop Mendoza, and Eugenia,
 guarded

Felipe. Here are comfortable lodgings for
 spiders and unknown dungeon creatures
 stinking of men's blood.

Mendoza. Ho, slaves! An eminent priest so
 roughly tussled? We were not offered any
 dish yesternight.

The meat we saw was confined on your
 bread.

Eugenia. Nor will we eat this week.

Felipe. How!

Eugenia. So says my lover.

Felipe. A pox on all your lovers! They are
 why

Your son sits groaning in captivity.

Mendoza. A roasted veal with watercress
 and peas!

Felipe. No tart or gingerbread?

Mendoza. Perhaps a watermelon and a bowl of cherries.

Felipe. I should serve you gazpacho, except that I see none dripping on these grimy prison walls.

Mendoza. Calves' feet or beef, stewed rabbit or delicately cooked goose, filbert, carrots sprinkled with fresh parsley. To any meat-broth spinach may be boiled with cinnamon, ginger, and pepper, and let us end with quince and a wafer topped with whipped cream-

Felipe. Here's a fat medlar instead. (striking him)

Mendoza. O, on my teeth, blood!

Felipe. Your smooth Castilian wine!

Mendoza. A pair of traitor-dogs, and I am here

With them! Shame on my face with filth and fire!

Felipe. Not our bronze crucifix before El Cid, The Christ of battles?

Eugenia. More punishments besides our punishers!

Enter Zarach, guarding Hortensio

Mendoza. What's this? Hortensio bound with us as well?

Hortensio. Hortensio, he, your eminence. I had

But sweetened for an hour with woman's shape

My chaste beatitude, when, quite surprised

In a dark room where few wish to be seen,

I was removed and stolen from the air,

The sated fly to his chameleon tongue.

Zarach. A lover hoping to rise in the world?

Chameleon toes are fused, the easier to

Ascend on branches, up to fetch their prey

Unseen by any. Amadis of Gaul

Is by a wizard tramelled, and must pass

Beneath the arch of faithful lovers. Here

Sits your new duke.

Hortensio. O, O, my neck is almost broken! O!

Zarach. O, many pardons! I thought sconces stretched

As wide as leather in a cobbler's hand.

Eugenia. So soon the loathsome victim of a Moor?

It took me ten years to lie where I am.

Mendoza. Our Ramon of Borgoa to our joy Never lived: we are here because of Moors.

Zarach. Complaints? So many buying chains: a king,

A priest, a soldier- no, we all do it,

Only to live, but you wear chains for free.

Felipe. A Moor's philosophy, to torture souls

With sharper iron than the ones we bear!

Zarach. Would you like stoups of wine, a goodly fire,

Some comfortable chairs?

Mendoza. Yes.

Zarach. Then sleep and dream.

Mendoza. No doubt we will soon find three grinning Moors

Strappadoed high inside our book of hell.

Zarach. In slumbers, priest. Some cheerfulness resides

In atheism: to see famished holy fools

Each week, and yet, so sad to our conceit,

No face aghast in disappointment, for

When you will die and know of us no more,

You will not know your error. May such faith

Allay life's griefs and terrors. Yet before

We leave you to your comforts, gifts I bring

To all. To you, fair madam, this. Thank me.

Eugenia. A stone?

Zarach. To spirited Felipe this.

Felipe. A knotted rope?

Zarach. To rapt Leander swimming in his muck

This.

Hortensio. A dagger?

Zarach. And to the hungry prelate this.

Mendoza. A pointed cap?

Exeunt Zarach and guards

Felipe. In chains, because of a rank fulsome trull.

Mendoza. This breast holds too much patience. With my teeth

I should tear off these bonds, or, cursing, die.

Felipe. My blood should gush away from these foul links,

And, like the reddest star, raise havoc-brawls Throughout the earth. Yet I can point and laugh

To see a bishop chafe at all his stays

With my dark mother, moping and alone,

Where the world wishes them to live and die.

Hortensio. Good fellowship! I dreamt too far, from a

Wife's pit descending to a cooler one.

Felipe. O, mother so unmotherly, to slide

From a Moor's flesh to this cold negro floor!

Eugenia. You curse a man I have ten thousand ways

To curse and die.

Felipe. I love you, brave Hortensio, and commend

A Cato's patience, yet, for comfort's sake, Stand farther off from me.

Hortensio. Death! You bestir too much.

Mendoza. Felipe, he cannot.

Eugenia. Unhappiness I can bear easily, Were I at the antipodes of friends.

Felipe. Send me to hell, so long as I were far From croaking ravens lapping up their spite.

Mendoza. Unhappy son of Baal! A priest, though armed

With patient shrugs, can take you by the neck

And strangle you while praying modestly.

Felipe. These taunts will strangle me into a song.

Hortensio. Why not? If your voice does not rattle worse

Than eighty links of chain.

Mendoza. But not, I pray, a ballad joylessly Profane against our better judgment here.

Felipe. (sings

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

In my Asturias I fought, killed some in Castile,

To bleed in Aragon, abandoned in a cell.

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

I had not been outside for more than one whole day,

When first I wooed a girl as she glanced back at me.

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

She led me to her chamber, cooled me with her fan,

Then to her mother sighed: "A soldier is my man."

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

The mother cried: "How can you treat me so?

A man unfit for love can serve no woman's turn."

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

This daughter said: "O-hum, who cares if that is so?

A woman's turn is served with man half cut in woe."

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

"I would not wed a doctor, drinking from his pot,

But my half-man in love, though shameful is his lot."

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

"I would not bed a scholar, drowning in his ink,

But my half-man in love, though bathing in his stink."

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

Old flesh-folds wept in pain: "How can a mother live,

When all her daughter's care is for a stump too soft?"

I'm a soldier lame for love, a soldier lame for love, a soldier tame.

Hortensio. Time passes, I'm Hortensio, and what else

I know I cannot guess this time of day.

Eugenia. I must not stay.

Felipe. What now, loose conduit?

Eugenia. My bowels burn.

Felipe. Ho, guards! Remorseless caitiffs! Dragon-fools!

Mendoza. Ah, worse than useless incantations!

Eugenia. I cannot hold another minute here.

Felipe. Restrain yourself for once.

Mendoza. No cooked bean, yet in such a hurry, whore?

Felipe. I could well chortle at my mother's pains,

Were I not here to smell her.

Eugenia. O! It is coming down.

Felipe. You will not do it, mother-filth, hah, hah?

Mendoza. Read Seneca, lord, since I always find

You hold much less of him than none at all.

Eugenia. Hell's rivers streaming!

Felipe. Foh! I begin to love my prison now.

Mendoza. Her water-lust, which seeps through granite walls,

Is paid with watery revenges still.

Eugenia. Hyena, do you screech? (braining him

Mendoza. Ha! (he dies

Hortensio. What have you done?

Felipe. Why, nothing much, Hortensio, killed a priest.

Eugenia. I rock fat babies with their cries asleep.

Hortensio. O, danger, madness! Hell is surely here,

With man's and woman's stench, and nowhere else.

Felipe. The bishop, could he but return from hell,

Would shout down your opinion. His ghost writhes.

Two statues of ill doctrine pointing at

Each other: separated, they express

Nothing we understand.

Hortensio. My danger! Any stone-thrust as I sleep!

Thus I conclude my torments with my gift. (stabbing her

Eugenia. Ha! Ha! Rejoice at last, my happy son. (she dies

Felipe. So much for that, my lord. Now let us rest.

Hortensio. Vile traitor-cur! What kind of son is this?

A mother smiled down at you on her breast,

And now you turn away a languid head

From her dead body?

Felipe. Should I be angry at my mother's murderer?

Hortensio. Too noble a mother to such a son!

Felipe. O, rightly aimed! I thank your arm more than

Your over-hasty tongue.

Hortensio. The worthy scion of a mongrel-bitch!

Felipe. Good.

Hortensio. A lean-faced, cool-bellied, hot-brained dodypoll, immaculate traitor to family and country, whose body wolves should grind and gnaw with slowly working teeth.

Felipe. Better.

Hortensio. A beggar-bugger, rejected tripe in the cupboard of a famished house, attendant to a lousy steward of a condemned brothel chamber!

Felipe. Hear eloquence served on the empty dish

Of ignorance. Have you quite done at last?

We mount Parnassus to find but a tomb.

Hortensio. No book can hold your precious villainy:

It cannot be believed. Yet all my words

Fall short of your true self, rheumatic poll,

Foul, shuffling, gurgling, stupid knave!

Felipe. You have a start on me, but I can count

Your worth with mathematic sense, though few

Believe in devils when they rave and dance.

Hortensio. I regret to breathe since knowing you. No son has ever emptied cataracts in heavy curses against man's image more than you. Demosthenes, paid with jeweled mountains to describe your infinite faults, would daily chew on his pebbles, yet throw himself down weeping in despair at his ineptitude. Damned treasonous man-strumpet, mouse from an abandoned slaughter-house!

Felipe. Hold, hold. We are still here. When will the slaves

Feed us and care for us? Two men alive

In their damp prison with no help at all?

Hortensio. O, these long hours in such ill company!

Eternity of hell will be too brief.

Felipe. I can eat roaches and weeds beggars piss

On in their sleep.

Hortensio. You always pull one way.

Felipe. You madden me with stirring.

Hortensio. Chained stiff! But worse than iron is the man.

Felipe. Could we but die asunder!

Hortensio. Though split in two on separated poles.

Felipe. Why do I hold a rope without a dead Head dangling from it?

Hortensio. Why should I hold a dagger with no blood

Of yours on it? I know myself no more.

We close ourselves in many social rooms,

Drown faculties with presences unknown,

A gall, a sneering mouth, an eye that laughs,

The pest of humankind perhaps, when all

We wish is to behold a good friend's back.

Felipe. Let us try reasoning our souls to death.

Hortensio. A good conception!

Felipe. Are you quite sure? Is your hand steady, lord?

Hortensio. You'll find it so.

(They fight

Felipe. Ha, stabbed? I can deliver you from pain.

Hortensio. With my own weapon, ho!

Felipe. Death's a sure medicine. (he dies

Hortensio. The only one. (he dies

Enter Eleazar, Zarach, and guards

Eleazar. Sweet airs! Sweet voices!

Zarach. So soon away?

Eleazar. Thrive, mischief, this world's yours now. Who can say

I murder? Take the bodies in one lump.

Enter Isabella

Ah, no! The duchess?

Isabella. Astonished fools! Can secrets live inside

A house of death? Hortensio? All? All? All?
The Moor's to blame no doubt.

Eleazar. Not much.

Isabella. Hortensio! I can die with such a sound

Still breathing on my lips.

Zarach. She swoons and falls.

Isabella. The world will find me Isabella still.

I'll weep, I'll moan, I'll die a little, pent
In a cold room without a mate, reserved,
Alineated from what common heads
Find pleasant: golden mirrors, luscious food,
A coach to ride to dances, not for me
Such woes disguised as pleasures. Too much love

Makes me quite perfect to chase blackest crimes.

Eleazar. No doubt this Christian duchess will rule well.

Zarach. No doubt our whitest hope.

Exeunt Zarach and guards bearing away the bodies

Eleazar. I'll help a woman rule.

Isabella. I thank you.

Eleazar. I can do more.

Isabella. Ah, what?

Eleazar. Help you consider what is best for you,

To love me, live with me, and lie with me.-

Isabella. (throwing powder on his face

Lust is too hot in Spanish virgin veins.

Rot, manhood, on your luckless impudence.

Eleazar. O! O! My eyes bleed.

Isabella. Your lust is blind, proud Moor;
look to your eyes.

Eleazar. I burn, I burn.

Isabella. Your cheeks bleed, too. O, joy! My powder works.

Eleazar. The world is death on death: I cannot see.

Isabella. More black and black on this Moor's blacker face!

Eleazar. I have no eyes, but, trust me, goodness cut

From cruel female vice, I still have hands.

Isabella. May darkness be your guide.

Exit Isabella

Eleazar. Let them all rot in pomp. The Moor walks forth

To execute his will with eyes or not.

Exit Eleazar

Act 5. Scene 3. The ducal palace

Enter Rodrigo and guards, leading forward Zarach

Rodrigo. No? Bind him on that bench.

Zarach. O, mercy!

Rodrigo. What god is that? You wish to speak at last?

Zarach. I cannot dream where Eleazar is.

Rodrigo. Some say, we should not damage flesh and bone.

I never much believed in that idea.

Take out your saws.

Zarach. O, sir, O, sir!

Rodrigo. The arms first.

(The guards begin to saw on Zarach's arms

Zarach. Hah, hah!

Rodrigo. There's fever's urgency in my demands.

Where is your lord, black Eleazar, knave?

Zarach. I do not know- my arm.

Rodrigo. True, slave, you'll fail to know your arm again.

Zarach. My arm! I do not know.

Rodrigo. But where is blackest Eleazar, fool?

Zarach. I cannot know.

Rodrigo. You laugh at me, boast of your stoutness, no?

I will diminish you, with arm and leg
On each side of the trunk, both smelling on
Each other.

Zarach. No, no. Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Enter Eleazar, stumbling and fainting

Rodrigo. Where has he gone? The man can murder me

Asleep without his eyes. He'll scaffold me,
Together with my sister, in my bed.

Zarach. O, no. He's a black lamb now.

Rodrigo. I'll bite you, lamb.

Zarach. Ah, ah, ah, ah!

1 Guard. He's lost to us.

Rodrigo. Revive him for fresh tortures.

2 Guard. He's here again.

Zarach. O! O! O! O!

Rodrigo. What, tears? Where is the Moor?
Can I not find

My Moor inside your belly?

Zarach. I do not know. Believe a dying clump.

Rodrigo. But I do not believe you, Zarach.
Ha!

Is that not laughable?

Zarach. O! O! O! O! I lose, I drip.

Enter Isabella

Isabella. What do these shrieks, unknown in hell, portend?

Rodrigo. The slave's too loud.

Zarach. O! O! O! O!

Isabella. Ha! Why is Eleazar here?

Rodrigo. Ha?

Isabella. Behind you, witless brother.

Rodrigo. Ah, Eleazar! How did he come here?

Zarach. I told you.

Isabella. Release a fool who chews on cakes of blood.

Away to surgeons!

Zarach. Away for further tortures! Ah, ah, ah!

Exeunt guards bearing away Zarach

Rodrigo. Is he alive?

Isabella. A sigh in every breath he heaves.

Rodrigo. Apply some ointment on his bleeding face.

Isabella. I hold some here. See: he revives at this.

Rodrigo. Ah, Eleazar, can you hear the voice
Of foes? Can it revive and kill you, too?

Eleazar. Eyes open in the dark. Where should I go?

Isabella. He rises.

Rodrigo. He rises. Good.

Eleazar. I know my way.

Isabella. Do you, resourceless Eleazar?

Eleazar. I see my error.

Rodrigo. Ah, what? Where is Hortensio?

Isabella. My manly fragment melting in his grave.

Rodrigo. Our mother?

Isabella. Past troubling after.

Rodrigo. This pierces sharply. And the bishop, too?

Isabella. Quite still in still another.

Rodrigo. All four killed by the Moor!

Isabella. Is our Felipe quite forgotten, then?

Rodrigo. Who doubted touched saltpeter could explode?

Eleazar. My thoughts should rise if not my arms and legs.

Rodrigo. More words from rotting offal?

Eleazar. Now, tragedy, sad husband of the grave,

Dark lover of men's lives, who pities them
 For their unworthy breaths, and stifles them,
 To you I sing on bloody harps made up
 Of Spanish bones, I, sweet musician of
 Some standing. I have fretted my brief hours
 Into a grave. Ah, minion of my rest,
 In springs of bloodshed babble; here's my
 hand
 To swear on it: much Spanish blood you'll
 taste,
 With Spanish tears, to you whose hollow
 cheeks
 Can never fatten quite enough for me.
Isabella. He killed my love, yet unjust
 sorrow makes
 A kindly cruel duchess weep apace.
Rodrigo. O, vengeance, as a new-born rise
 and stir,
 To play with soldiers on their famished
 bones.
Isabella. Do you hear us, my Eleazar?
Eleazar. There's life yet in this trunk, bad
 luck for you.
 Survey my library. I'll study while
 You breathe in peace. I read my potent book.
Rodrigo. A mind quite marred!
Eleazar. A villainous crazed author! I love
 him.
 Look how he makes me bleed. True, to the
 life!
 O, it is deeply written. He knows men.
 The pages stick together. There! There!
 There!
 This best of all: a blinding! Certainly,
 I weep on the mad fool, forever blind,
 Brave innocent, unjustly massacred.
 Hortensio's here, my love as well, the priest,
 Felipe grinning, his whole face one wound,
 Here, here, all here, and dead. The chain
 extends.
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Isabella. Damnation tickles him.

Eleazar. "The plague of being a son!" Felipe
 says.
 Where sighs my love? How foully have I
 been
 Befooled by lust, and baffled! Good, good,
 good.
 What, trust a woman, brainless idiot? Die,
 Unknowing where to gape. A tender touch
 Besotted my mailed crest and now my face
 Sticks on the ground. Lust, let me meditate
 On rebel loins. Where in the plague of hell
 Did my soul ramble? Isabella, that
 Cool lady serving me to cooler ones! -
 A scuffle? Mice? Who should be stirring
 here?
Rodrigo. Behind him creep forth noiselessly.
Eleazar. Must Eleazar die? O, rightly so.
 What, are you here? Where is my murderess?
 No charitable hand? I wish I had
 Not lived- so barrenly. I am unarmed.
 I know your rufflers. Ha, Rodrigo, ha!
 I smell your breath. To my great grinner- no?

(They stab him)

Well, done, not well, but done. Red
 pestilence,
 Ten planetary plagues on too soft hands!
 Why did you not press harder? Come away,
 More of your woman's hands to end man's
 life!

(They stab him)

Isabella. My eyes sting.
Eleazar. Ah, quaintly done! (he dies)

Enter the two lords and guards

I Lord. So, is the Moor away? Can lords
 once more
 With better comfort sleep in their own bed?

2 Lord. Can lords in darkness hug their love
again

Without the fear?

Rodrigo. There lies your Moor, a More no
more at all,

But a black corpse a child may kick away.

1 Lord. Praise to our newly rising ducal lord!

2 Lord. More praises, more!

Rodrigo. I thank you. Duke I am and ever
yours

In Salamanca as long as I live.

Isabella. Revolts are ended. For my part, on
knees

Scraped cleanly to the bone I will go pray

In dirt. My father, brother, and all things

Existing no more on this earth I spurn

And honor, spurning what is honorable

No more, yet honoring a memory

Made up of what we should always avoid.

Rodrigo. Your hands to help my rising.

Exeunt Rodrigo, Isabella, the lords, and
guards bearing away Eleazar

The new Tereus

Dramatic characters (9)

Thierry de Tayard, gentleman

Ruth, wife to Thierry

Philippa, sister to Ruth

Denis, son to Thierry

Louis Banderole, secretary to Thierry

Doris, wife to Banderole

Marguerite, sister to Doris

Bisou, son to Banderole

Lepire, servant to Thierry

Time: 17th century

Place: Paris

Act 1. Scene 1. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Thierry and Denis

Thierry. We go to mass to learn, not to believe.

Be like the mole for secrets. Show one thought

And think another, when we seem to pray
With moony Christians as they sleep awake.

My mouth is Augustine's, my limbs and heart

All Ovid's in the fury of their lust.

To Huguenots I am a Huguenot,

But truly none, no Catholic either,

But certainly a man condemned by both.

Denis. Where should I study atheism?

Thierry. In darkly shaded groves with
Persian books.

Here is beloved Al-Razi, who reveals:

"There is no reason that in moral lore
One man should rule another." But yet
priests

Pretend to prove what none can ever see.

In Greek and Jewish fables often told,

We hear of gods of wrath who cherish
smoke,

Our human supplication lost in clouds.

To placate evil, men and women pray,

And by such means receive a greater one:

Belief in God, man throttling man because

Of might invisible, when we should think

And work below but for ourselves alone.

Each tomb we open snuffs out gospel-light.

Denis. If wisdom's beams shone in religion's
crown,

Believers would not cut each other's heads,

As we have seen in recent broils, on grounds

With French blood thickly mantled on
French blood.

Thierry. The edict at Nantes plucks away
the sting

Of Catholics on Huguenot flesh, who,

To garner moral grains, like chickens scud

In secret shades. I cherish none of them,

But affably and with philosophy

Smile when they seem to smile, frown when
they frown.

Denis. A wisdom well preserved is wisdom's
birth.

Thierry. When you behold parishioners
kneel, laugh.

Denis. I almost can though with a mouth
surveyed.

Thierry. Religion is a skiff whose captain
died,

On which ten thousand boatswains swear
they know

The longitude where islands may be found,

While passengers sit, sing, and speculate.

Denis. Christ calls forth children: to them I
leave him.

Thierry. Their bread is green, their fire cold:
Green and cold make a finer mold.

Denis. I will not waste my youth with
kneeling eld.

Thierry. The purposes of heaven like the
grapes

Of summer wither when we start to live.

As autumn thrives, begin.

Denis. But yet my studies sometimes weary me

Before our harvests of discovery.

Thierry. Has Cicero forgotten you? A show
Of sorrowing is madness twice expressed,
No tear-drop drowning wrongs, or capable
Of dashing any sorrow with his blows.

Denis. Books are much heavier on my head
than arms.

Thierry. I will not blame you yet.

Denis. Do not, most patient of all fathers
known.

Thierry. Though peevish-youthful clamors
harshly ring

Inside your choicest cells of meditation.

Denis. O, very loudly.

Thierry. And there you sit, moon-kissing
welcomer

Of rest, diversions, geeks, preferring much
To kick a ball or doze than calculate.

Denis. I cannot study better, on my life.

Thierry. What would you do instead?

Denis. Mope, or else play at billiards.

Thierry. Head-wastes. To play at billiards is
a kind

Of standing sex-act without pleasure.

Enter Ruth and Philippa

Ruth. Love of each other makes us idly dote
In this close manner nearly all day long.

Philippa. No doubt love near delirium, finely
Attuned and wholesome, medicine and
strains

Of music cheering to our heart's content.

Ruth. She should be staying here throughout
my life.

Thierry. And thereby save a husband's
laboring

In an enlarging field.

Philippa. I reach too short to take a
husband's place.

Thierry. Twin-cherries do what one dead
branch cannot:

Kiss in the center.

Ruth. A sweeter tasting for the languid sense.

Philippa. As any sin.

Thierry. If you believe in truths by
opposites.

Ruth. Should not Philippa stay awhile at
least?

Thierry. I will be angry should she fail us
now.

Philippa. O, then, I'll stay all day.

Ruth. Until tomorrow.

Philippa. Or at the farthest reach until next
week.

Ruth. One month at least.

Philippa. Or year.

Thierry. Fine noise, more musical for me
than what

You may yet dream about. I'll harbor there,
Lest I fall deep asleep far out to sea,

Where not one boat may ever find me whole.

Ruth. Is Denis here? See whether dinner is
Prepared for empty middles lacking much.

Philippa. Sweet peach on a sweet branchlet
mellowing.

Exit Denis

Ruth. In our agreement freely recognized,
I now behold that Thierry's dumbly struck
In dumb amazement.

Thierry. You cannot delve into the reasons,
wife.

Ruth. Confronted with the newer female will,
Man's reason warps. I will aver that still.

Exeunt Ruth and Philippa, enter Banderole

Thierry. Your helpful hand, trustworthy
Banderole.

Banderole. Do I smell plots afoot?

Thierry. A seed the gardener knows little of,
Which yet, I think, may break out fruitfully.

Banderole. Rake out the grounds with
patience, foot by foot.

Thierry. She should be mine.

Banderole. Philippa?

Thierry. I must possess her.

Banderole. Good.

Thierry. Is this no sin?

Banderole. Why?

Thierry. Can there be sin in pleasure?
Epicure

Says "no". So wishes wish to be wished for.

Banderole. I say there's none, provided we
hurt none.

Why should man to one woman be reserved?

Do not Philippa's new-found beauties lodge
In the same places as those of your wife?

Do they not carry pits a man may slip
Into? Should Venus' altars be pulled down?

Thierry. I will not cringe as once I did in
youth,

Love's nervous turd swept into colored bins
Of fancy, gawky adolescent block

Becleft of woman, hateful thing of lust,
To pine and gripe, to stare at roundnesses
And brood, to wink and blink, to sully
sheets

Through joyless leaky conduits overfull
With seed and vermin. Visions lost in night!

I gaze at hourglasses a-pattering
In streets like a male-whore abandoned, or
At busy fingers fixing plates and spoons,
Or study hip-bones like my precious books.

No more of masculine miasmas, crusts
Of rancid pucelage reluctantly
With their like mixed, at tables ogling still!

Banderole. She can create desire, and
therefore she

Is all the more to blame.

Thierry. I print a woman's face and buttocks
on

My shirt and face, the melancholy sprite
Of care devoid. Such bony ghosts should be
Without one eye of pity choked to death,
As when our tardy childhood stiffens
straight.

Banderole. Two sober maiden eyes invite
and smirk.

Thierry. She will be mine or death's, I
promise you.

Say she is proud: I'll pull her roughly down,
As low as to my bed.

Banderole. Yet hear: all women swoon on
lovely scents-

Thierry. A stall is clean when horses graze or
die.

For her I'll wash more often than I speak.

Banderole. Or bathe in wholesome airs.

Thierry. For that nose, I'll forsake my lentil
soup.

Banderole. She may lack money.

Thierry. A wise man's rich by spending; a
fool's eye

Lives in his wallet.

Banderole. I see you are to pleasure speeding
still.

Thierry. I go. The slothful have no strength
to fart.

How you may serve my will will be clapped
to

With twice-held hands no later than tonight.

Exit Banderole and re-enter Ruth

Ruth. My plan, sir, is to marry Denis, who
Lives like a tired roach inside his ball
Of dust and idleness without one care,
To my Philippa. She in all the world
Must be by contract his sole joy and love.

Thierry. His aunt?

Ruth. Why not, sir? Do religions in our land
Forbid that scheme? If so, I care no more
For them, or any other we may know.

Thierry. That thought begins to like me.

Ruth. Pleased at this woman's thought?

Thierry. O, very.

Ruth. The youth is stale.

Thierry. I'll buy him freshly colored shirts and shoes.

Ruth. Dull.

Thierry. I have forbidden him to drop the key

Where learning can be found.

Ruth. Unclean.

Thierry. You will henceforth confuse him with his duck.

Ruth. With melancholy shirt-tail staring still
Out of smudged windows into smoky streets.

Thierry. The adolescent plods in mournfulness,
As heavily as new stink in arm-pits.

Re-enter Denis

Ruth. Here stands your father, youth, with news for you.

Exit Ruth

Denis. I am commanded here before my meat.

Thierry. Your mother takes in hand your happiness.

Denis. Ha! More of my baked pies so soon?

Thierry. Not where a newly fashioned animal
May eat or drink, but where he may yet spill.

Denis. I am not thirsty yet.

Thierry. A marriage, unknown manhood!
You are made,

As cheerfully as any he alive.

Denis. With whom?

Thierry. Philippa.

Denis. A woman some may like.

Thierry. What do you say? Can such a woman please

Your senses in the night, a woman full,
Complete, more muscular than your right hand?

Denis. Not her, or any.

Thierry. Can you not come to it?

Denis. Unfit, unfit. I am unable to.

Thierry. Ha! Ha! No? Never?

Denis. Quite flat, my father.

Exeunt Thierry and Denis

Act 1. Scene 2. A garden near Tayard's house

Enter Banderole and Marguerite

Banderole. No kissing as we stroll in garden paths?

Is family regard forbidden here?

Marguerite. I should not be where I am crouching now.

Banderole. No, you should be where you may softly lie

Forked upward to accomodate a man.

Marguerite. Am I not plainer than my sister's turd?

Banderole. Despairing to get better, I take you.

Consenting girls are always beautiful.

Hear, nearly pliant Marguerite:

If you take me at once, we will agree.

I will on my white bosom wear your red

And blue, but yet, should I pursue and get,

You will change hues: much deeper red on blue,

Whatever is extended to be kissed,

So ardent and so loving will I prove

To be, to your content and mine. In bed

I can untie a knot as suddenly

As Alexander did, or handle links

Of hair as Hercules inside his crib,

The batterer of serpents with one blow.

Marguerite. I swore ten oaths of chastity last night.

Banderole. Unwilling warrioress, I can tame you,

And many more regardless of your vows.

Come, break Diana's arrows, turn away
From cool-skinned nymphs, to raise
immediately

Our emblem to red Venus in one night.

Marguerite. Where? on my sister's bed?

Banderole. Sweet, in this garden house.

Marguerite. Sins please too much, I fear.
They strike at once

The chord of pleasure, while our conscience
sits

Alone and wonders where the music is.

Banderole. Consider me Priapus' son, and
you

Pomona's daughter laughing at her wealth.

Marguerite. No.

Banderole. Let not the torch I hold become
extinct,

Black, smoky, stinking, at the end

Of feasts when no guest has enjoyed himself.

Marguerite. No.

Banderole. Priest-like in holy error, I will
bend

To kiss my altar of the goddess. - So.

To mouth these hardened peaks! A favored
place

To keep in warmth the looked-for heretic.

Marguerite. A bandit of his love's vows
rather. - No.

Banderole. More noes: I thrive on them.
Believers are

Commanded still to see what is not seen,

To love what never has been known at all.

Marguerite. Our senses should be priests to
chastity.

Why are they sleeping, or else dead? We jest
Most foully with foul incest.

Banderole. A word.

Marguerite. My mouth speaks of sin, not
my breasts and cleft.

Banderole. I press that plaything, sense of
sinning, here,

First on your middle, higher- higher still,

Then bury it with scruples in your mouth.

Marguerite. Ha, is my sister here?

Banderole. This kiss will be our coach, to
carry us

Where we may lie together all night long.

Marguerite. She comes again. This visit I
should hate.

Banderole. Too early in the day to wake her
spleen.

Enter Doris

Doris. I looked for you. Where did you sit or
lie?

Marguerite. Not idly resting on my bed of
sins.

Doris. No, I believe you. No one's sister yet
Shone like the face of virtue as you do.

Marguerite. You seem displeased to kiss a
sister's cheek.

Banderole. No, we both love you, and must
soon enjoy

What we have lost in tarrying too long

Before this visit. We are yet mere elves

Or infants of love's powers, answering

To any voice that calls imperiously.

Doris. No doubt of that.

Banderole. Is this no pleasant family
attempt

At bonding sworn to when we married, when
This sister blessed our marriage with her
eyes?

Doris. As true as your first vows.

Banderole. Then we are safe, as childhood on
the bed

In fevers felled when parents watch all night.

Marguerite. Tell me, dear sister, what I
should perform

To please you at this time of all good days.

Doris. Perform, most cherished sister,
nothing: that

Would certainly please me most best of all.

Banderole. By the faith I have not, quite
reasonable.

Marguerite. We had a mother.

Doris. We would be hated monsters
otherwise.

Marguerite. We had a father.

Doris. Gone with the world's lost dust.

Marguerite. As sisters we should love.

Doris. Gone with the world twice lost.

Exit Marguerite

This sister I can hate. It should have been
Our first commandment.

Banderole. Why? Marguerite is pleasant as
she treads

The rushes gently, seeming grateful for
The lightness they must bear without
appeal.

Doris. I kiss no sister, I expect, or girl,
But danger to my happiness and all.

Banderole. More dreams, I guess.

Doris. My awful waking nightmare that may
choke

And strangle me.

Banderole. For my part, I judge such a
sister's face to be deliciously fine to any
discerning taste. Think of the world: in
which man or woman can you comfortably
place your confidence as securely as in a
sister's love? Is there no robber here, no
pocket-murderer, killing for coined lint, no
infant-cajoler lost in appetite, no faith-
breaker, no deformer of all rights of citizenry
below and above? No doubt I speak- as some
might say- religiously, though lacking pulpit-
words of force to say what I intend.
Marguerite is your own, and indirectly mine.
Love her as you may, and I will love her for

both of us, if that can entice a jealous wife's
consideration.

Doris. No.

Banderole. Should I love her alone?

Doris. No.

Banderole. No and no, I thought so. Say that
she and I love each other, must you thereby
be the puppet overgrown children scoff at?
Be pleased to place a woman's tongue inside
my mouth: I would not speak differently or
more lightly before any self-appointed
council of well-wishers in the parish. Should
feigning be my strength, my love for you will
be the Artemuse to strangle this Hercules
and be your own and his own again, to
appear as when first I lay in northern sheets
as your first husband, that sigher love
infected in his happiness ten brief years ago,
that primal and private inquirer of your daily
dreams. A lover still breathes your air. Can
you doubt it? I cannot. Otherwise, I would
be a pirate in my own seas, rob the
merchandise I own. Do I not live here? If so,
should I curse and rail in the theater of my
own villainy? Let me sit instead on
cushioned seats, eating from my neighbor's
trencher when I can hold my own, and listen
carefully to other players of their lives,
forgetting to speak in my own. I will add
nothing further, till, unopposed by basely
led temptations against your worth, you lay
all your jealousies, murderers of Turkish
sleep and havoc-brawlers against all hope,
down in their self-made graves, as well they
should for seeking to kill their mistress and
self-engenderer of hate in an unthinking hour,
when, as a phantom-enemy against your
peace and mine, you dreamed you saw a
dream in the mirror of a mirror and
considered it treachery.

Doris. I will love her.

Banderole. Sweet wife!

Doris. Look brightly after her, or rather breed

By her looks tedious infants of pure love.

Banderole. These loving words caress the chastest ear.

Doris. But should she fail-

Banderole. How, that pure maiden cooling banks of snow?

Doris. Bees sting intruder wasps and wave away

The robber-ants.

Exit Doris and enter Bisou

Bisou. Is mother angry at your cheats again?

Banderole. A banderole of warning merely.

Bisou. Then we may hope perhaps to eat today.

Banderole. I will enjoy more of your arse tonight.

Bisou. Again? Are boyhood's buttocks food for you?

Banderole. I must have even more- no, all of you.

Bisou. Are you my father?

Banderole. That only mothers ever know, my son.

Exeunt Banderole and Bisou

Act 1. Scene 3. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Denis and Lepire

Denis. Now, Lepire, in this dark and secret room where none or few care to intrude, unless to relieve themselves when taken by surprise, show me at once all the pictures you purchased on my behalf.

Lepire. No, young master, I refuse, because a good or even a bad servant must choose never to participate in a young man's progression into the stinking abyss of

corruption and debauchery. My images are too violent for unsuspecting youth.

Denis. Come, sir, I have little time for fooling. Show me the portraits.

Lepire. I am called Lepire, the worst of all servants, but also the best intentioned, worst in executing any task, tedious or not, such as delivering a letter, reporting precisely what someone said to me or to others, cleaning an item, eatable or not, finding what I or someone else has lost, buying from a reputable vendor any type of merchandise, eatable or not, in short a bad servant getting worse, so that at most hours of the day I am astonished I was ever hired for any work of consequence in a reasonably fortunate household.

Denis. The tormentor is racked for what his prisoner should reveal.

Lepire. I see I must disclose to my masterful imp, though much against my will, objects of titillation my favorite whoremaster gave me to view. Can this assuage the thirsty member of passion?

Denis. Salt water.

Lepire. No? While raising the arms in a certain way, their paps seem to knock at their own door, inviting us to come in.

Denis. The other?

Lepire. This may set you to it with both hands in front of your mother's face. Acknowledge this priestess, inviting you into Venus' most open temple.

Denis. This can never excite.

Lepire. No? Not the half-veiled triangle, the round inviting eye, the tapering thigh, the speaking buttock, the lips that seem to whisper comfort to unrepenting youth?

Denis. My eyes die before these shows. O, desperate seeking-after of a tedious never-ending way!

Lepire. I know what will make make your bed a newer kind of brothel.

Denis. Not so.

Lepire. This?

Denis. No.

Lepire. This?

Denis. No, no.

Lepire. The accompanying text has been known to thaw icicles pendant between the legs of ancient gout.

Denis. Stand and deliver.

Lepire. Once in a church as I was made to kneel

And pray, a virgin image soon appeared,
Invisible to any eye but mine:

"Youth, you are blessed: my babe I have thrown down,

To follow you, my love, through all the world."

There in that instant twenty rows ahead

A blue veil I espied, made for my lips

And hers for mine, a face of fire, yet mild,

Which in the sacristy I later found,

More naked than Christ's body on the wall.

Denis. Good.

Exit Denis

Lepire. The rest I'll slowly reveal more patiently as you lie in bed, though while listening on your belly, the mattress with piercing may be lost.

Exit Lepire

Act 2. Scene 1. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Thierry and Banderole

Thierry. Thus we rejoice. The woman, here for me,

Created for my pleasure as men wish,
Can be attempted without harming us.

Banderole. Oh, surely few more probably than she.

Thierry. You have discovered her in my wife's bed?

Banderole. Both jiggling on her sheets beneath the shade

Of fir-trees thick above the garden house.

Thierry. I knew it would be so when first I saw

Her in my wife's arms: sisters shamelessly

Flushed on each other's bosom, parrying

With feminine arms as they lightly may,

To the disjunction of my marriage bond,

Two giglets breast to breast, one of whose hand

Cajoles the other's side, at dalliances

With either sex experienced, youthful-old,

While deftly sifts the other, phallus-like,

Through her brown foliage to the very root

Of pleasure, nymphlets undulating on

The banks proud Neptune thought was his alone!

Banderole. In having found the only happy way,

Philippa should be gaping for more thrusts.

Thierry. For deeper ones. Her way's the grotto to

My avid caravel. To cheated fools,

Each day is thirsty with revenge, in mine

Love's beverage tipped over wetted lips.

Can she love me? That, that, that, that I'll know

This instant of all others on this hour.

Is Denis here?

Banderole. In the next room.

Thierry. Not you but he will be the Mercury That unbars love's creating thunder-stones.

Banderole. Your wingless if not winless panderer.

Exit Banderole and enter Denis

Denis. Ah, father, why, since knowing how it is

With me, should I be made against all sense

To reach atop a hill I cannot climb?

Thierry. Your mother wishes it.

Denis. At best I water gardens seedlessly.

Thierry. You are not asked to play the gardener,

But open rusty gates.

Denis. For whom?

Thierry. That certainly must soon be dealt with, son.

Denis. I go.

Thierry. To her, boy! Make yourself much better known

To modest faces kept immodestly.

Denis. She plays the game?

Thierry. With some.

Denis. How is she rusty, then?

Thierry. You send in air more questions of fast wit

Than hunters can shoot down.

Denis. I will evaluate the water's depth,
So that the shipwrecked lover swims ashore.

Thierry. To shelter, feasting, warmth, and happiness.

Denis. To lust. A more reluctant panderer
Was never seen in France, though thought by some

A second Troy. That city burned, you know.

Thierry. This is the way to win love, not scorch it.

Denis. How?

Thierry. A love frustrated is a rose by lust
Destroyed in the glass-house of its own heat.
A sluice is built for water to seep in.

Denis. She comes.

Exit Thierry and enter Philippa

Now, madam, you have settled in our house,
I see. How may a nephew further add
To his aunt's best of comfort on this day?

Philippa. A comforting nephew.

Denis. One keen on contributing cheerfully,

To any guest worth serving, offices
Of duty and regard.

Philippa. I'm in as fine a state as I can wish.

Denis. (kissing her

Can you love me, wench?

Philippa. Ha, sudden boldness!

Denis. Displeased? No cuddling between friends-to-be?

Philippa. No, I refuse. I'll winter such desires
With ugly frowns.

Denis. It is my mother's thought that you may like

A husband in my very humble self.

Philippa. Ha, is it so?

Denis. I plainly heard your hopeful sister say:

"I wish it can be so, for both I love,
And both deserve my love should they both love."

Philippa. Then serve me well at once. Fetch me a whip.

Denis. Why?

Philippa. A squibber squeaks. No need. I have my own.

Denis. From whom?

Philippa. My groom for such occasions.

Denis. How best may I serve well my aunt?

Philippa. My gloves and hat-box.

Denis. Inside this trunk?

Philippa. Yes.

Denis. (looking inside

I can see nothing.

Philippa. (sitting on the trunk's lid

Right from the start I was invisible

To smelly, lustless, brutish, pocked-nosed youth,

To runted, pale, large-nostrilled bellymat.

Denis. Ha? Jestng between friends?

Philippa. (whipping him

So near and gross? Back to your yellow sheets

With blistered buttocks wailing your mistake.

I almost never see an almost man
 Without slave-angers mastering my soul.
Denis. Ah, ah! O, help! I'm nearly cut in half
 And bleeding at most places.
Philippa. An oily yokel for my holiday?
 A goggling ogler as my entertainment?
 Ho, thus, and thus is my prompt answer,
 curd.
Denis. Ah, ah! I choke, I retch.
Philippa. Plod limping to your mother
 droopingly,
 With knuckles pressing into either eye!

Exit Philippa and re-enter Thierry

Thierry. You are refused, it seems.
Denis. I think and hope so, father.
Thierry. You should have known a woman
 can be won
 By knowing surely woman can be won.
Denis. My macerated buttocks understand
 What my cold brain could not.
Thierry. What does the woman say of that
 sharp love
 Which pricks whenever men decide to move?
Denis. She says she's willing.
Thierry. Some with a hammer, others with
 the hand.
 I knew she would. It is a sentiment
 So natural, so loving-family-like.
Denis. She said much more.
Thierry. What else did Juno's cloudy
 loveliness
 Reveal to you?
Denis. She said- she said you are her only
 love.
Thierry. Ha? You did not mishear?
Denis. A word as truthful as the air I take
 For health, though with some difficulty now.
Thierry. Love? Love, you say? I love your
 mother, son.
Denis. So have I always thought or ever
 wished.

Thierry. A loving wondrous mother past all
 kinds.

Denis. True.

Thierry. The dullest could not answer
 otherwise.

Denis. No.

Thierry. Say to your mother how you were
 received,

How hopefully it may be answered yet,
 What your own feelings are, what mine can
 be,

And bring her answer back before I go.

Denis. I will.

Thierry. A good son with the best of
 mothers, too!

Exit Denis and re-enter Philippa

Philippa. To find such gapers leaving is a
 kind

Of trembling hope the day may yet be clear.

Thierry. A courted woman should not bear a
 tongue

When man is hoping.

Philippa. To none except yon bread-stick
 softening

In his own greasy porridge.

Thierry. (kissing her

I'll steal your tongue and make love with
 myself.

Philippa. Ha?

Thierry. I find in my own self a man beloved,
 Although your sister's husband to our grief.

Philippa. How can that violent thought be
 known so soon?

Thierry. By your unviolent answer, muted
 one.

Philippa. The son's drought turned into the
 father's hope

Of overflowing plenty!

Thierry. May mutual love-thoughts grow
 much stronger than

When fixed against the shrub of longing hopes.

Philippa. What if it does? Love must forever die

Before first drawing breath in such a world

As lovers commonly must suffer in,

Love yielding to the youthful gifts in full,

To base adultery, two easy graves.

Thierry. No, why should it be so?

Philippa. I have a sister whom I love too well,

You have a wife I hope is much beloved.

Thierry. I know you love her, but I know as well

By eye and mouth you love the husband, too.

Philippa. How do you know?

Thierry. (kissing her

In best of fashions thus.

Philippa. Ah, ah! Unhappy if I get or not!

Thierry. Let not faintheartedness turn love into

A beauteous visage rotting in its tomb.

Philippa. I only kept my foolish chastity

So that one day a man could store his wares

For a brief hour inside that useless trunk.

Thierry. To do it now! Past thought hereafter blessed!

Philippa. Not now.

Thierry. The only holy act.

Philippa. I should be wary in my rising joys.

A woman trembles too contentedly

In a man's arms, when, being caught and bound,

Another on some bloodier post beholds

Her jerking at each stroke, one more accused,

Condemned and punished for the man she loves.

Thierry. Inside my garden house we are not known

Except to shadows. There let us undo,

To do together what alone's misdone,

When chastest moonbeams die. If only I

Could buzz amid your roses all day long,

To make my honey sweeter as I suck.

Philippa. These paps belong to you.

Thierry. Yield up at last this day that precious good

Which costs a woman nothing in the loss.

Philippa. Here we agree. What tips the scale down hard

Is lack of a man's weight too overlong

On my pained body.

Thierry. How quickly may I enter?

Philippa. You are expected in my bed tonight.

Exit Philippa and re-enter Denis

Denis. My mother says to wait awhile and hope.

Thierry. Your newborn love is suffocating as The father pleads and cries for him to stay.

Exeunt Thierry and Denis

Act 2. Scene 2. A room in Banderole's house

Enter Banderole and Bisou

Banderole. You always put me in the best of sweat.

Bisou. For my part, I heat up in nothing else Except in hate.- Ah, not again, I hope!

Let go my arm-and-leg-and-otherwhere.

Banderole. I am in whirlwinds of desire and play,

Intoxicated, like the half-chewed fly

Descending in an infant spider's core.

Bisou. I am your tasty fly, and wish I were

Far, anywhere but here, inside your mouth.

If only I were punished as boys are,

Not kissed with smiles while nursing all my wounds!

Banderole. My precious swollen folded mounds of love,

Twin-peaked Parnassus as I rise and fall!
Where is my Hippocrene? You must flow,
too,

Or I may not rise happiest from our toys.

Bisou. I'll first swim upward on a cataract.

See here and there, and more, here's blue or
green,

Unhappy colors on a white boy's arse,

My stale biography, in spite of youth,

Where one may study sermons few believe.

Because of these attentions, your joy-pit

Is much discolored, almost torn away

By lustings, of great danger to myself.

Banderole. To me much more. If some find
out our games,

I will be burnt in ways I cannot like,

Not when I wallow in our easy fire,

Or maybe broken on a wheel of blood,

Not amiably encircled in your arms.

Bisou. No love remaining in your boy of
boys.

Banderole. I like to see youth waddle like
your duck,

Pricked forward lustily by a wag's stick,

After our loving sport.

Bisou. Foh on comparisons, too pestilent

To my inclinings as I grow apace!

Banderole. Where does the nether-head of
Ganymede

Intend to grow and rest?

Bisou. Inside a woman.

Banderole. Ha! Ha! The chick with one foot
from his shell

For reigning in the hen-house eager still!

Bisou. Not so. I can do it before your face

As you are munching turnips all the while.

Banderole. That I may choose to see.

Bisou. A father pocked in lusts not of this
world,

Eye, nose, lip, members of all kind in full

Degenerate! But where should I complain?

Banderole. They'll disbelieve at first, then
curiously

Inquire. At last someone will say a word
Too much, till sadly at the smoking stake
You may request my ashes to feed you.

Bisou. Unlikely father!

Banderole. Too palpably, it seems, against
your wish.

Bisou. Unkindly, seeming of a kin to none,

Debased and very ancient reprobate,

No-father fattening in youth's despair!

Banderole. All this and worse. What can you
do about

Such objects of complaint, except to rail,

And after railing once more rail again?

Bisou. Done for this month. Much good may
it do me.

Banderole. Tell me your secrets, how your
little barque

Intends to salute a woman's ship,

Flag up in suits of peace, or how the wasp

Avoids a sparrow's beak as he prepares

To feed on spiders crouching near a leaf.

Bisou. The wasp seals up its nest with
pebbles: so

I may in cellars hide from predators.

Banderole. Here comes your aunt. Try
dalliance with her first,

If you conceive yourself to be a man.

Exit Banderole and enter Marguerite

Bisou. What do you say, too willing lady:
can

A man vouched to be yours please you
today?

Marguerite. What do you mean?

Bisou. I can show you, provided your hands
stay

Against your side or mine, not punishing

When they should seek a double pleasure
still.

Marguerite. Ho, nephew, is it that way with
you now?

Bisou. That way and lower, as you may behold,
Should you incline to it, in rooms away
From any prying eye. Know that desires
In me rise geyser hotly, natural
In youth enjoying youth, for combats trim,
And natural in you, though by your age
I guess a double force may follow them
With armored ranks in knowing what you know.

Marguerite. Your troop and me together in one bed?

Bisou. What do you say? Are your sheets Russian ice?

Are you afraid a man will slip on them?
I have a thing on me that pleases girls.

Marguerite. What is it, sir? A French bean?

Bisou. You will discover it is never so.

Marguerite. Can it already stand? No pole beside

To help the plant stay up in passion's gusts?

Bisou. Yes, some have found it sturdy soon enough,

Not breakable at all in ladies' hands,
Throughout the night and most of the next day.

Marguerite. More of this later. Here a father comes

Who may not like such boldness in a son,
Discovered to the sister of his wife.

Bisou. Yes, later, when I better schooling with

Some sharp examples that should soon convince

A woman wanting it and more besides.

Marguerite. No doubt.

Exit Bisou and re-enter Banderole

Banderole. I lack a pit for sheltering my head.

Marguerite. Has that become your head, too eager sir?

Has it evolved to cogitate for you?

Banderole. Yes, truly, I have taught him how to rise

In presence of a willing captive's might,
When blood becrowns a warrior-king's demands.

Marguerite. So soon? When last night, lip to mouth,

We seemed to taste without satiety

All that a man and woman care to tongue?

Banderole. My wife is absent.

Marguerite. Where is she gone?

Banderole. Her mother's house in Lyon, I can hope.

Marguerite. So. Does she often leave your house

Without announcing where she may be found?

Banderole. No. I suspect she's angry.

Marguerite. Why do you say so?

Banderole. I cannot hope to guess.

Marguerite. All the more reason for adulterers

To miss their eager pleasures for a time.

Banderole. Ask me, then, to forgo my life at once.

Marguerite. O, no and never! You are mine alone,

To live with and to die.

Banderole. And mine until my final awful rest.

Marguerite. Were you not disappointed in the way

My love first opened to your own last night?

Banderole. How could it be otherwise, when digging deeply in your boulder: virginity?

Marguerite. I love my man much more than I can show.

Banderole. I feel it as no heavy block of snow.

Marguerite. Tonight you will pronounce it Aetna's source.

Banderole. That crevice?

Marguerite. All in a sweat for what you may desire

To teach a woman willing to be taught.

Banderole. A sheet created for sharp pleasure's pen.

Marguerite. Forget all thoughts of heaven in my arms.

Banderole. I carry Peter's key up to your gate,

My paradise still deeper down below

With new-found love, a promise sealed in red.

Marguerite. I kiss you twenty times for every kiss,

The better to be guerdoned for my pains,

As only men achieve to our content.

Banderole. In secret places?

Marguerite. I do not want it on my forehead, sir.

Banderole. How did the pippin fall from branching lust?

Marguerite. I never thought your son a March-day fool,

By milder breezes cheated of his coat,

Until he reared close to my falling mouth.

Banderole. The youth assaults while thinking he excites.

Marguerite. Who pushed him upward?

Banderole. I did, for lightsome summer laughter's sake.

Marguerite. Keep him away. A sister will not smile

Should Doris find me out for fingering

The pleasant furniture her husband owns:

How will it be when she suspects the son

Hot on my fingers, too?

Banderole. I will command the pensive one to strum

On his lute-string alone, as once I did

While thinking that you never could be mine.

Marguerite. While thinking of me still?

Banderole. While thinking of you still. How, stiffening

And moved with jealousy against my hand?

Marguerite. I think I am a little.

Banderole. Then angrily, as a loved jaileress, Keep him locked in the dark inside a room.

Marguerite. Here is your room.

Banderole. The room's too hot.

Marguerite. How else should it be on a July day?

Banderole. A summer night is all too brief for love.

Exeunt Banderole and Marguerite

Act 2. Scene 3. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Ruth and Lepire

Ruth. Where is my sister?

Lepire. According to the best philosophers, where she appears to be to those looking at her.

Ruth. I thought I had a sister loving me.

To gaze expectantly in rooms where she

Is not, to cypher where she might be found

And never is, to eat alone and sleep

Beside what I imagined hers- I thought

That minion was mine-to-be-always as

I wish to see and dream.

Lepire. Dreams of what we think we see are nothing.

Ruth. Philosopher-fool, find her and bring her where I may gently notice her once a day before I sleep.

Lepire. You know as surely as I am Lepire, that I am worst at finding, worst at bringing back, worst, in summary, at anything that requires not-sleeping.

Ruth. You are my sleep after over-eating, or rather an indigested dream I thought I was rid of.

Lepire. That's as the stars desire.

Ruth. For wise ones words of caution, for the fool

A heavy whip.

Lepire. That's as the fates request.

Ruth. Find her if you value my peace and your shoulders.

Lepire. Madam, I value as I find them, no better but no worse than Aristotle, who said: "Fool, look towards the earth," or Plato, who said: "Fool, look towards heaven," for a fool always heeds the wise unless he truly is a fool definitive, or the worst of fools some misthink Lepire appears to be.

Ruth. Go, go, go.

Lepire. I'm there and here.

Ruth. Why are you not away?

Lepire. If what appears to the eye be trustworthy, because I am here.

Ruth. Towards her and back in desperate extremity of speed, go.

Exit Lepire and enter Denis

Tell me, my son, have you yet found the way,

As we discussed, to my Philippa's bed?

Denis. No, mother, yet my hap, though some may find

Too little smacking of new happiness,

Has, since we last conversed of my report,

Been much improving as I nearly guess.

Ruth. How can you tell?

Denis. She slaps my head only once a day now.

Ruth. Keep nothing secret from my lynx regard,

Until we smile to see our subject choke:

Can you adore my sister?

Denis. Much more than moldy bread.

Ruth. Done with it all. Go.

Denis. As nearly disappointing in this quest

As my own being to my sorry eyes.

Ruth. Sleep to forget yourself.

Denis. Right, mother, good night to you, her, and me.

Exit Denis and re-enter Lepire

Ruth. So soon?- Why are you staggering, Lepire?

Where do you keep the bottle, fool of all I know or hear about the worst one yet?

Lepire. Am I not called Lepire, the worst one yet?

Ruth. Reveal at once in haste and promptly go.

Did you discover my lost sister's lair
Where in my house she stays away from me?

Lepire. Yes, madam.

Ruth. Where is she?

Lepire. In her room.

Ruth. Sleeping?

Lepire. Lying on her back at least.

Ruth. Gazing at the ceiling?

Lepire. In the darkness certainly.

Ruth. Sighing a little?

Lepire. Much, but not sadly.

Ruth. I should perhaps bring her a coverlet.

Lepire. No, mistress, she surely needs no warmer covering at this moment than the one she already possesses, or even a shirt.

Ruth. Tired, I can guess.

Lepire. No, I have found, in my experience, few women more vigorous than the one I saw.

Ruth. She lacked nothing where she lay?

Lepire. Too full, more likely, than missing what anyone should desire to give.

Ruth. Good.- Empty fools!

Exeunt Ruth and Lepire

Act 3. Scene 1. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Thierry and Denis

Thierry. A son akin to leeks: green in the brain,

White in the face! No further moping mapped

In dark half-squares of musty corners: learn
To learn to prosper. You must soon be gone.

Denis. A young man's mettle idly rusts at home.

Thierry. All regions of the globe inspire to work,

No country that is not a holiday.

France is a kind of lucid paradise

To those who understand themselves: he knows

His place in it whom few can steal away

To neighbor pleasures as he stays at home.

Denis. In every time and place, so far as I

Have read, the idle rich in heaven live,

Though very often without knowing it.

Thierry. I'll have you study hives to understand

Your working template of society.

Denis. Why, father? Will I be the worker bee

In it? Can slaves be happier than the drone?

Thierry. Both doubtless happy in their proper place:

The drone as servant to fertilities,

The worker in preparing food, defense,

And shelter for them all.

Denis. I will remain a drone. When you are dead

And I in full possession of your house

And money, none will dare upbraid my style

Of living, as a drone in my own eyes

Melliferous, quite true to nature's course.

Thierry. Precocious ignorance, first understand

The world you know, then tell me who you are.

Denis. Perhaps a robber.

Thierry. When lucky merchants pilfer legally
In raising fortunes? Cynics favor theft

By saying all men rob, but wiser ones

Steal without knowing it.

Denis. A stolen fruit tastes sweeter.

Thierry. The fattest sinner falls.

Denis. Perhaps a murderer.

Thierry. A murderer is known.

Denis. Perhaps a fool, to laugh at others, then

Enjoy myself in laughing at myself.

Thierry. No, a fool's candle is put out. Learn more:

Fools slide on staircases of pleasure, fall

And tumble as they laugh uproariously.

Denis. Perhaps a modest man.

Thierry. The poor are hated even by their friends.

Denis. Then as my fates decree.

Thierry. Take pity on your bowels: marry death,

Not laziness. I know a cat so slow

That rats creep out at night to bite its ears.

If the tide leaves you gasping on the shore,

A fish left on the sand, will you rest there

And sleep? Or live like oysters without shell?

Denis. I go, if only to escape advice.

Thierry. A fool sleeps while instruction whispers. So,

Farewell. May learning like a maiden steal

And utterly possess your languid soul.

Denis. May either shield me from the death in life

I will incur in lacking both at once.

Thierry. Preserve my words in prudent vinegar.

Denis. No doubt I'll eat them all, then do with it

What nature must command.

Thierry. What nature must command. A perky sot!

But, wittier, will you live?

Exit Thierry and enter Ruth

Ruth. Where is my slow dung beetle?

Denis. Here, pushing on his ball.

Ruth. So soon away?

Denis. He goes twice too fast who so far away
For nothing goes.

Ruth. What do you mean?

Denis. If I knew, mother, I would never have
Been asked to leave.

Ruth. To England and good fortune's
broadest hand!

Denis. How many fortunes I would rather
miss!

Dung beetles stay at home to suck its juice.

Ruth. You missed the mate to help you roll
your ball.

Denis. Sometimes the female rolls on top of
it,

Or must be carried on our plated back,
Sometimes we fight for her, or bury it
To breed, while others live perpetually
Secure from work inside the brooding ball.
We also like decaying leaves and fruit,
Unnecessary study's images.

Ruth. O, creatures delicate to all who know,
By keeping flies from noses. But, my son,
There is no help for it: to England's shore!

Denis. Even my bags seem quite unhappily
Resigned to go.

Ruth. There is a world, my son.

Denis. No world at all for me, but what of
that?

I would much rather sleep than seem to
sleep.

Ruth. No learning without trouble.

Denis. Of my disasters you will know about,
If letters can be carried and my hand
Can write as heretofore.

Ruth. One kiss and then no more!

Denis. One kiss and boyhood, saddened,
slinks away.

Exit Denis and re-enter Thierry

Thierry. Ha, gone? I stayed inside to keep
from tears.

Ruth. Ha, is it so?

Thierry. Of laughter.

Ruth. I half-way cracked my lips with mirth
suppressed.

Thierry. Is this no kind arrangement? We are
ours

Again, no father and no mother but
Two lovers freely doting as before.

Ruth. True.

Thierry. I am as happy as this July day.

Ruth. Where is Philippa?

Thierry. Alone and standing as far as I wish.

Ruth. I think at breakfast she was sorely
missed.

Thierry. O, doubtless studying on how to
please

Us even better than she has so far.

Ruth. You like her better now?

Thierry. O, best of all, yourself excepted,
love.

Ruth. I feel the same.

Thierry. A finer woman never kissed a man.

Ruth. Or woman.

Thierry. Say: will she marry?

Ruth. She has said nothing on that ancient
theme.

Thierry. No more of her. Come, kiss.

Ruth. Sir, as you wish.

Thierry. Forget me, Jesus, when you
distribute

Your recompenses: here my heaven lies-

Ruth. Two pleasing women looking after me.

Thierry. The second place I always leave to
slaves.

Ruth. A paradise for some.

Thierry. Half-dreams I leave to half-men.

Ruth. How soon some tire and, sleeping,
spoil their wife,

The fancied cake left rotting in its box!

Thierry. My wife and pleasure, pleasure
with my wife,

Together meet inside one certain place.

Ruth. A gasp of pleasure follows every kiss
Of yours. More, more! Some sweetmints I
retrieve

Especially to spur you on and in.

Thierry. Are you not rising as a man may
do?

Have I begun this?

Ruth. A fire does not burn fire.

Thierry. I'll burn myself before I take you
down.

Ruth. Love's apples out of ashes cannot
grow.

You are my malva leaf, more bitterness
To those unknowing of its virtuous taste,
Or onion, of whose layers multiple
And tasty dishes can be freshly made,
Or lettuce, spread with French peas, endive,
corn,
And watercress, with olive to crown all.

Enter Philippa

Philippa. You looked for me?

Ruth. Ten lonely lifetimes wasting. Will you
stay?

Philippa. I will.

Thierry. Found and then found again!

Ruth. Why are you distant, headstrong, and
reserved?

Philippa. (kissing her
As distant as this open tender kiss.

Ruth. Then all is well and better.

Thierry. A man, before such obvious open
loves,

Cannot decide alone on where to look
Or whether he should go.

Ruth. A pit in darkness with my taper
snuffed

Face to the ground while moaning half the
night

Is to your absences both dream and truth.

Philippa. I'll be myself with you: whenever
not,

No one's Philippa, or even her own.

Thierry. Philippa is herself and with us, too.

Philippa. Without Ruth, a Philippa without
ruth.

Ruth. My sister and my love!

Philippa. What is a brother-in-law's market
worth

Compared to my one precious merchandise?
(kissing her

Ruth. The value of a child's coin sinking as
Time passes unperceived.

Philippa. Hours glide but your Philippa is
and was.

Ruth. A cat without her milk, a weasel lost
In burrows with the viper following,
A treeless nutless monkey: such I am
And worsening in lucubrations
Without some hope of love.

Philippa. The cat laps up the milk between
your legs,

The weasel moults into her winter coat,
Unseen by predators, and, stealing food,
In frenzied triumph sideways hops and
skips,

The monkey finds your apple in the shade.

Ruth. You are expected.

Exit Ruth

Philippa. I will refuse to knot with you
again.

Thierry. Ha?

Philippa. I will prefer the easeful, gentle pit
To thrusts of over-pressing red-tipped ones.

Thierry. Was I with opiates raging when I
heard

United cries of rapture as we fell?

Did I not catch you grieving in my arms

That in a chest unlocked for twenty years
Your tasty treasures moldered senselessly?

Now do you say against your very hope
Of life in life: "No more of his dark loves"?
Philippa. Truth with untruth mixed in a
single breath.

Thierry. I hear many a moan and stifled sigh,
Feel digging on my shoulders trembling nails,
In darkness narrowing and opening
See eyes astonished at the novelty
Of fulness at the body's centerpiece-

Philippa. Said and abandoned.

Thierry. You gave and gratefully received in
kind

More ecstasies we thought could ever twinge
Two bodies intermixed.

Philippa. A whorish traitor to my sister? No.
Your dark adulteress in glory? No.

Thierry. I will not understand the thing I
know.

Philippa. A manly love's my toy of danger
still.

It fills no need. How should it be if in
A forest I espy a new-born bear?

Too willing in my fondness I approach
To tickle fondly furry rounded ears
When the sad-empty mother from the bush
In rages dashes headlong bellowing.

Thierry. Here streams your gold, unwilling
Danae.

Philippa. Ha?

Thierry. Take it. Gold enters easier than a
man.

Philippa. I'll tear that grin awry.

Thierry. Good. To have nothing to bleed for
Is man's worst hemorrhage in life.

Philippa. Love to grow older loved by your
loved wife.

Thierry. I do, but miss another, as you do.

Philippa. For her I feel the ancient eagle-love,
An unafraid and prickless Ganymede,
Uplifted not for Jupiter's delight
But for his wife's.

Thierry. A later love is no less dear to me,
It is my orange, well-kept winter fruit,

The earlier one I keep for daily use,
Like seats or brushes in all comeliness.

Philippa. If in her love I am prevented here,
Let me in sweetness die, like thirsty bees
When royalty expires.

Thierry. In such a case, none can survive at
all:

The troops disperse, the hexagonal cells
Break off and crack asunder.

Exit Philippa and enter Banderole

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Hum, hum, hum,
hum!

Here I croon grieving, cheerful Banderole.

Banderole. Your pleasure?

Thierry. Is gone.

Banderole. Why?

Thierry. Philippa goes.

Banderole. Will you like patient penguins
stiff upright

Expect food in a wilderness of ice?

Then dive below.

Thierry. I will not cede the thought I cherish
most:

Keep close my Arctic and Antarctic loves,
At either pole refreshing to the head
And torrid member.

Banderole. Do not.

Thierry. She likes to squeeze her thighs on
either side,

At which I almost lose myself in joy.

Banderole. How should your helpmate win
that strayer back?

Thierry. Philippa goes away. She has a
house:

In that house may she never rest alive!

Banderole. How?

Thierry. Disguised as highway villain capture
her.

I have in secret bought a lake-side lodge,
Next to the darkest forest, Venus-fit,

Which Ruth knows nothing of: there you
will take
Philippa shrieking as she gently may.
Banderole. Too willingly.

Exeunt Thierry and Banderole

Act 3. Scene 2. A room in Banderole's house

Enter Doris dragging Marguerite by the hair
and whipping her

Doris. If only I had ten whips in each hand,
As many hands as Briarus had eyes,
While I had none, to strike both front and
back!

Marguerite. I should lend you two more.

Doris. And more especially down.

Marguerite. Ah!

Doris. As low as harlots offer. Are there
goads

To prick out devils from that heated place?

No, only in a buried coffin crammed

For twenty years may it at last cool down.

Marguerite. No miracle here: woman
punished hard

Where faults are deepest lodged, for loving
man,

Our common muddy road to misery.

Doris. Blind hole, can you not tell the
difference

Between a husband's bed and yours?

Marguerite. No, much-wronged sister, but I
lucklessly

Feel smarts of running wounds which teach
me that.

Doris. To whore away the hours with none
of yours!

Who dreams of comfort in adultery?

Marguerite. My life is yet a dream, or rather
now

Our nightmare. On my head strike
thoroughly

For thinking lust could marry happiness.

Doris. I'll make the roots bleed.

Marguerite. Bitter but yet better.

Doris. Did you discover harlotry in books?
Is Aretino to blame?

Marguerite. A wanton's eyelid teaches
doctorally

The loosest libertine.

Doris. I'll scatter fragments of immodesty,
Extravagance, resourcefulness in pain,
Considered once your pleasure, by you
marred,

But leave some piece of you beside my bed,

As a reminder for my children's sake

Of what a woman is.

Marguerite. The lips that kissed? Hair lovers
beg to twirl?

Unrooted eyes for watching what you do?

How are you safe from faults? Can woman
be

After beholding honest reputation

Lashed and exposed to this no end of shame?

Doris. Out with discovered naked
turpitudes!

Marguerite. Take off my smock and shoes,
hand me a sheet,

For I will kneel my way on pointed stones

From here to Lille, from Lille to Orleans,

And back again for further penitence.

Doris. Stare at your blood and laugh, for this
despite

May profit you one day when I have done.

Marguerite. Ten thousand times more if
continued till

The night at least, when usually I sin.

Doris. I dreamt I had a sister.

Exit Doris

Marguerite. Here is no slumber but my
torment's head,

Returned to help me swell in lechery.

Enter Banderole

Banderole. Adultery is found.

Marguerite. With twenty scars for every secret kiss.

Banderole. Nevertheless, I will but lose in it
A shirt or two at worst.

Marguerite. While I miss half the skin out of my back.

Lubricity is dried out with the pump
Of over-eager justice and revenge,
And casual concupiscence recompensed
With many coins of blood.

Banderole. I'll leave her, to arrange our pages tight,

Thanks to some stronger binding on our book

Of love-thoughts as the theme.

Marguerite. Sin-fellow, out! Two traitors banished from

Themselves may never serve each other more.

Banderole. What is misfortune to a man who loves

Himself? O, very little, I attest,

When in his heart lies means to help himself.

Enter Bisou

Bisou. Ah, father, with what mattock did you strike

My mother's head? She told me you may wear

Her shoe, the utmost to be gained from her.

Banderole. A man may hide his head in his own shoes.

Marguerite. What, are you gone?

Banderole. I'll take my son- his sister she can keep-

Bisou. Ho-ho! With you alone? Why not with bears,

On whose paws while they sleep one may approach

To suck some honey?

Banderole. Let her keep beds and houses: in a bush,

I'll henceforth marry two I can adore.

Marguerite. What monstrously immoral knavery

Is contemplated here? I have puked out

A loving sister but to swallow hard

A woman's universal enemy.

Banderole. Come. Cheerfully live with your father, son.

Bisou. My father's not my father.

Banderole. Prepare to quit our scuttled vessel, with

The sea-god ply your tugboat to the shore.

Bisou. If with a trident you can hook me there.

Exit Bisou

Marguerite. Your Naiad swims away as fast as he.

Banderole. Where is your harbor? Mother and complaints?

I know a lake-side lodge to keep us free.

Marguerite. To what a thing am I at once transformed

Because of your temptations! Merely
A dish most will desire to spit into!

Banderole. To be pushed down is nothing, to arise

Our common posture. Come away with me.

Marguerite. Without your son?

Banderole. I'll steal him later.

Marguerite. In breakers lost and whirling!

Exit Marguerite and enter Thierry

Thierry. So, Louis, is it done?

Banderole. Your way is clear to take Philippa in

The secret merry cottage free from all.

Thierry. To take her is to win her.

Banderole. Moreover, I have found for her delight,

While she remains herself and yours as well,
Like-minded brave companions of despair.

Thierry. Who?

Banderole. My son and my wife's sister.

Thierry. Even as my thoughts promised!

Banderole. We'll bind them there in quiet sympathy,

The newest prototype of family.

Re-enter Bisou

Bisou. She wants no more of me.

Banderole. Has she discovered all my sins at once?

We banish custom. With us speedily!

Exeunt Thierry, Banderole, and Bisou

Act 3. Scene 3. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Ruth and Lepire

Ruth. What, is she gone?

Lepire. Yes, madam, more likely forever as opposed to sooner than expected, without a word to the worst of fools, or to any resembling him, known and unknown to himself or others, which I prognosticate, though uninstructed in a priest's or doctor's auguries, in an evil manner.

Ruth. How so?

Lepire. I often in your sister noted a dangerous languor, prelude to luxury, extravagance, and the concupiscent pit.

Ruth. Ha? Did you so?

Lepire. Not you? Every day I hope to see carnality's toe broken and her tongue cut out, but, alas, she walks in triumph and shouts.

Ruth. Is it possible? Are my serious organs maimed forever?

Lepire. Lubric twining: how often are you by popularity smilingly met and powerfully feasted, with what confidence you jet out plumes of glory!

Ruth. Abort and show the product.

Lepire. Obvious licence invites and millions answer, the willing belly flattened by the willing belly. I never know what I know, unless events contradict me.

Enter Doris

Doris. Can fools speak truthfully?

Ruth. If you believe at once truth and untruth.

Doris. He should both lose and keep his place.

Lepire. If I hold this place, it is because I have other thoughts than those who give places.

Doris. Know me again in my confusion. You discern no more in me the Doris you and I once recognized, but condemning and condemned abandonment.

Ruth. Are we alone?

Doris. I have, because of twin treacheries born of an infected member, put off a husband, joined with yours, I suspect, my husband with my son cast away by my uncertain instigation.

Lepire. Visions which adhere, madam, to my own, unhappy, on this subject. Did you forget you had a husband?

Ruth. What, together both, sister and man together, husband and woman, coupled, I to be left with her aborted tissue of deformed miseries?

Doris. May I stay with you? A wife, rejecting and rejected, implores.

Ruth. My sister, gone! Through days and nights and days

My thought at board and bed, few feelings else!

My husband gone as well, and with her gone!

Lepire. Worse than all, suspicion to her grief cogitates in shadows, looking at her belly, wondering, because of lightness, how light can be.

Doris. Because of a sister, I lack a husband.

Ruth. Because of a husband, I miss a sister.

Lepire. Worse than all, Lepire, because of both, masterless, a slave to his own lucubrations! I was warned of this possibility by more sapiently desperate philosophers than most ever understand, averring that, should I live long enough to suffer, I would no doubt suffer. That was once promised to me, and now, traced by long-trailing blood-stained fingers in margins of their books, trouble is in truth without contradiction and in his nakedness delivered.

Doris. Two woes are doctors to each other. Come.

Ruth. On pillows let we weep, till they wear out

In shredded patches. Sorrows seek the dark.

Exeunt Ruth, Doris, and Lepire

Act 4. Scene 1. A room in Tayard's cottage

Enter Banderole, Marguerite, and Bisou

Banderole. Is this no novel family of love?

Bisou. I hate us, father.

Marguerite. Displeased with me?

Bisou. Well pleased with you, my oven to a dough

Half-rising as I wish, except when sauced
With manhood's stream.

Banderole. Ha! Ha! The implet will have as his own

My truest one, beloved entirely.

Marguerite. Is not your father, pliant in his loves,

Our sole provider, without whom we faint?

Bisou. Worse chance of all for me! He nourishes

To my despite his pederastic love,
While I grow lean with kissing famished beards.

Marguerite. What do you lack?

Bisou. Liberty.

Banderole. His thoughts of freedom are like pieces of
Fruit lodged between teeth of convention.
Prick

The fragments out with toothpicks, if you can,

To savor meager diets fit for lusts.

Marguerite. Can you not study how to please him? Learn

Of bear-whelps how to suck without instruction,

As I do, milkless but yet cheerfully.

Banderole. Our petticoated Plato teaches us
New laws in our republic. Note them all.

Marguerite. And he the preacher known to marry facts

With choice examples infants can apply.

Bisou. And so I do, too much to my regret.

Banderole. To gaze at Marguerite! No part of her

But is inscribed into love's reference.

Marguerite. The grammar of positions and love-thoughts

By me defined. To satisfy me best,

Be pleased to turn the pages slower still.

Banderole. Suggestions men receive from women best

Of all, and pleasingly, I dare avouch.

Bisou. We read with joy her scrolls both up and down,

And, like inspired John, eat them with love.

Banderole. Well thought on: her face like a blushless peach

Incarnadine, without the useless pit!

Bisou. Except the easiest flowing one below.

Banderole. Her breasts and belly like a lusty plate

Of open melons mixed in lightest cream.

Bisou. I aim still lower.

Banderole. The vulva I believe you finger still:

Tomato split in sauce libidinous

To many diverse heats of appetite.

Bisou. That, that.

Marguerite. No holy family is possible

But those who daily mimick our delights.

Banderole. Non-pleasure is our pain, which we denounce.

One man, one boy, one woman look and feel,

All hating awful sins of chastity,

The love-god's shepherd sanctifying well

His flock with best of wills, to each in turn,

Man with his boy on woman wedged like forks,

Boy doing in front what he is done to

Behind, a woman like her Adam pricked

By serpents as they sweat in paradise,

Much good to taste, to govern, and to know.

What a fish does in water is a law

To us, approved by many holy priests

Of working puff-faced Venus in her shell.

Marguerite. Here is your place, sirs, never stray from home.

Banderole. Where else should we report?

Learn this, my son:

To err from her will make you, as I live,

A slave to Fracastoro's sickly seed.

Marguerite. For syphilic and heated vehemence,

We have the steambath or dry furnaces.

Banderole. Peeled pear, no more of those, whose merest thought

Can melt love's bowels in a moving muck.

Marguerite. The master hurrying to know his fate!

Banderole. In rages not his own. Your right foot first!

Exeunt Marguerite and Bisou, enter Thierry

Thierry. Is our loose swallow pinioned to my will?

Banderole. You speak and it is done: Philippa limed,

Ripe for your dishes- yet beware for once-

Philippa bound and gagged, because her cries

In duldest ears might well awake suspicion.

Thierry. Her pride will break her teeth.

Banderole. Will you possess her body in despite?

Thierry. Until I blister. Sweat on face and hands

For sowing laborers, then with glad sounds

Reap handsomely in fullest plenitude

The utmost joyance in each member's core.

Banderole. Her painful jailer once the lubricant

Of pleasure in her bed! But she is sad,

And sometimes angrier than the smoked-out bee.

You will await her here?

Thierry. The scorpion does not quit his burrow till

It sees the cheerful cricket in the sun.

Banderole. What if she plays the plated maiden strong

In enmity against perfidious lust?

Thierry. The scorpion crushes out each locust crust.

Banderole. But yet beware sun spiders do not spy

Him out behind some boulder, set to tear

The victim unawares as easily

As sleeping beetle or the termite drunk

With unavailing fear.

Thierry. Sun spiders of the law I can avoid

Whenever she decides to yield to love.

Banderole. That may be very late or never, sir.

Thierry. Should pincers prove to be too weak for work,

I brandish a sting all the more refined
 With deadly venom for the hardest case.
Banderole. A lover not to be denied, I see.
Thierry. No. To the fifty-year-old, bemused
 and sad
 In looking at his glass, most times of day
 His face is not his face. He must possess
 To understand whether he is alive.
Banderole. For such a piece of sinning, Jesus
 would,
 Before his hour, return to take your place.
Thierry. While lying on her back, consider
 me
 The savior dropping deep below her earth
 To push out worthy demons; on my own,
 A god ascending towards paradise.
Banderole. The harrowing, then two heads
 resting on
 Their pillows of contentment till doomsday.
 But yet should she avoid such miracles-
Thierry. I'll set her on a rock to eat and sleep,
 Then scrape her off, should she revolt too
 long.
Banderole. We may be found.
Thierry. Before we are, that face will serve to
 paint
 The bottom of her coffin.
Banderole. I hear her muffled cries.
Thierry. Then drag her howling in.

Exit Banderole

What, not immediately?

Re-enter Banderole with Philippa, bound

Thierry. Leave me alone with my one truest
 one.

Exit Banderole

No bellowing for help? No cries, no tears
 Of torment as you senselessly in pride

And urge of contradiction waste away?
Philippa. Indignities, more than these steel-
 like bonds,
 Have stifled me, a stranger to myself.
Thierry. You once with gladness feasted in
 my bed.
Philippa. No more. Now that you hear the
 principal
 Of what I should express, will you release
 Rejection in insulting bondages?
Thierry. No.
Philippa. Let me re-arm a tongue unused to
 chide.
Thierry. The wind from that will never raise
 one hair.
Philippa. Lewd untamed creature of declining
 hopes!
 Most desperate in his seductionless
 Attempts! Sex-sickness worse than its own
 cures!
 Will you take me unhappy and forlorn?
 Where is the pleasure in it? Hope to tame
 Some new-born salamander with a luth,
 Never my will, alineated, blank,
 As loveless as abandoned leafy tombs,
 Because of unkind usage in these cells.
Thierry. No virgin's tears bemoan her
 infamy,
 But my wife's lover-maid in secret lusts,
 Two sisters on strange bodies honeying.
Philippa. Have you discovered that? Out,
 bashfulness!
 True, as I live, I love her best of all.
Thierry. Lewd faithless callet! Did you not,
 when first
 With open legs and heart you jumped
 backwards
 Down to my bed, swear fealty and love?
Philippa. True, but I love your spouse much
 better still.
Thierry. Resistless cup of soothing poison!
 What,
 Do you expect to leer while matching cunts

Together, red with pleasure and contempt?
 Or is it not more likely that a trull
 Will gnaw on spiders till she shrinks away?
Philippa. In filthy cellars with no thought of
 sleep,
 My spoon but scoops up sorrows. I discern
 I may no longer cover my dark love.
 Take her, release me from my cancelled vows
 To both of you, but let me cry alone,
 Quite tongueless in despair of what I had.
Thierry. Ho, that will surely be.- Banderole!

Re-enter Banderole

Philippa. My fears begin to crawl, up to the
 throat,
 Down to the belly, in that awful sweat
 Which stings the eyes.
Banderole. A secretary never with ant-steps
 Crept forth so hesitantly till this hour
 To serve his master's bidding. Sir, be advised.
 What should be done? Kind pity is beloved.
Thierry. I'm treading on a path I cannot like.
Banderole. O, then, desist from kissing
 furies, whose
 Malignant offspring prosper but in blood.
Thierry. Stand off.- To her I turn, in wraths
 unknown
 To maniacal fablers of false hell,
 To put a sudden anguish in her heart.
Philippa. O, Thierry, I am almost choked
 with it
 Already as I jump up quivering.
Thierry. By hurting me, you hurt my wife as
 well,
 For should we not live as one family?
 No pity on our loves? Then briefly thus:
 A whore will gag on looking at her meat,
 Faint at the horrors sleeping on each side,
 Amid sore famished thistles and dry rocks.
 You will exchange for silken robes a rag,
 For velvet hat a mud-stain. Look to these.
 I have seen beggars sucking on half-roots

With swollen gums, red eyelids, lack of
 teeth,
 Much to be envied when compared to what
 Your state will likely come to.
Philippa. All these I will rejoice to sink
 beneath,
 Provided you stand farther by one foot,
 Without advancing nearer.
Thierry. In rooms abandoned of all human
 thoughts,
 Expect to groan more often than you breathe.
Philippa. O, gladly.
Banderole. Sir, sir, what is your aim? These
 fearsome looks
 Are not your own, undreamt by murderers.
Philippa. How, nearer still?
Thierry. Pinch well her nose.
Philippa. Ah, no! Stand farthest off.
Thierry. The dullest razor cuts off woman's
 speech.
Philippa. You will not do it, ha? How,
 shearing off
 My tongue? No hope of railing from a mouth
 With bright blood streaming? Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Ha! Ha!
Banderole. Mere foolish struggling, all in
 vain, in vain!
Thierry. Remember me as surgeon of ill
 faiths.
 How many tired men have wished to do
 What I accomplish with a single stroke!
 (cutting off her tongue
Banderole. Reverberations silenced at long
 last!
 And yet no quietness has ever dulled
 My ears in such a Lethan noise of death.
Thierry. I will astonish you: press her wet
 mouth
 To mine, between her thighs force it down
 hard,
 To win her love at last, or murder it.
Banderole. O, misery, born on the very
 couch

Of horror's nurseries!

Thierry. When I have done, in kindness pour
for her

Resourceful Paré's ointment in a glass,
Composed of egg yolk, rose oil, turpentine,
Together with mild opiates of her choice,
Procuring lasting solace for large wounds.

Exeunt Thierry carrying Philippa

Banderole. What creeping unknown shiftings
make me crouch?

Discovered? Caught? Accused? Condemned
and bound?

Whose face is this? Who patters with a step
Like noiseless dangers? Who are you?- No
one?

Enter Denis

Ha! Not in England?

Denis. Ah, Banderole! What screams were
these, enough

To stop my blood in fear? And afterwards
This sudden silence worse than any death!

Banderole. You will discover soon what few
enjoy

To see, or even meditate about.

Denis. My father I know reads forbidden
books

Inside this lodge, where for a week I have
From curious gazers deeply buried face
With implements of my existences.

Banderole. Why?

Denis. Long pleased to please with talk of
travel, but

Not pleased to go. Is father in that room?

Banderole. He is, though few would wish to
know him there.

Outside, we will devise how gently you
Should make a son's eyes known to his again.

Exeunt Banderole and Denis

Act 4. Scene 2. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Ruth and Doris

Ruth. No sign of her?

Doris. Or either.

Ruth. Desire, the queen I serve, wears filthy
skirts.

Doris. A dream, no man, taught me I was
beloved.

Ruth. To whom may I compare our sad
condition?

Doris. Yours worse than most. My miseries
are known,

With my own hands incited, yours the spoil
Of every gamecock shot by rumor's bolt.

Ruth. False husband with false sister mocked
astray,

Two arms of lead low-pendant on each side,
Two knees greet this ground hard as if a
friend

Lay there to comfort.

Doris. False husband with false sister
secretly

Away, two ears aquiver to each breeze
For far-off news, two knees greet this ground
hard

With hope-negating hope.

Enter Lepire

Ruth. Your story?

Lepire. To be brief, news too short for you.

Ruth. None?

Lepire. None except to say there's none.

Ruth. A bone, yet meat enough for my
despair.

Doris. A husband short with wives makes
our days long.

Ruth. I should do something to my hair and
face.

Exit Ruth

Doris. Ah, follow. She intends no good, I fear,

To either hair or face.

Lepire. Or mine.

Exeunt Doris and Lepire

Act 4. Scene 3. A room in Tayard's cottage

Enter Denis and Philippa

Denis. So silent?- Why am I like Acheron,
Your tongue the carcass in my skiff?- Why plead

For tombs to speak? As stained-glass in the night,

Invisibly and darkly visible,

Ashamed for bad beginnings, here I speak

Aright: how may remorse serve sorrow best?

No word of sympathy, or cry for help,

When you appear to wish for both and me?

Why do you open wide the mouth, to end
With dumb-show eloquence?- What hole is here?

No mouth but a round grave for buried thoughts.

Who cut away that organ of defense?-

O, not my father!- Nodding as you do

Makes me despair he failed to slice away

The head as well. Can man perform such feats

And say he is a father, too? Why? Why?
Why? Why?

Enter Banderole

Banderole. Sir, you do nothing here. A father will

Perceive no son's voice, wishing you to know

Wished Albion is much nearer than he is.

Denis. So, Banderole, I see I whisk away.

Banderole. Construed as we would wish.

Exit Banderole

Denis. I must obey, denying home and country.-

Before I lose myself with finding, a last look here. Why do you point eagerly at your embroidery? What tale is pictured? Your needle shows, as once my father's voice and finger, Ovid in a vision. Tereus approaches too near and to her desperation Philomel, whose repulse he cannot savor, to the point of his dagger's point, cutting off the innocent's tongue.- Ha! Your story exactly!

Who will behold such scenes to weep with me?

Who else except the principal betrayed,

My mother? Must it be?- I go and stay.

Exit Denis and re-enter Banderole

Banderole. I had forgotten- ha, gone already, but not before, I can guess, unjustified sufferance without speaking has spoken.- No?- Small matter if in England. Come, madam, a dumb mouth opens while eating.

Exeunt Banderole and Philippa

Act 4. Scene 4. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Ruth and Doris

Ruth. Denis?

Doris. Returned from where we may suppose the youth

Could never reach while dreaming of himself.

Ruth. Who found him?

Doris. Lepire, duty's gate-sleeper at the best of times, discovered him last night between

the haystack and the dunghill, shivering and mumbling in his sleep.

Ruth. Where is unwilling youth?

Doris. In his bed, astir and groaning, appearing more afraid of your presence than what he slept with yesternight.

Ruth. Bid him at once present himself to me.

Doris. Prevented.

Enter Lepire and Denis

Lepire. Let me untemper for the sake of supra-sapience on the theme of family and sociability this tender meeting between mother and son, between authority, with knees uncertain commanding in darkness, and youth's subservience, already a tired ninety-six, though unknown to wisdom, too punily meek even to think of kindling her torch tremblingly.

Ruth. What tricks are these? No England and fair fame?

Doris. The youth stares off, confusion without tongue.

Ruth. Did you lose eye and ear along with it?

Denis. No, mother, though I say what none can dare.

Ruth. Riddles? Subterfuge? Digging out saintly bones of deceit, when the relics plead for irremissible loathing and re-burial?

Doris. A story must at least be told, as brief And plausible as may be found this month.

Lepire. In the wallet of my brain I hold a pack of them, richer than all the rest I own, should he be wise enough to consult with fools.

Doris. He speaks but little and that little nothing.

Lepire. Nevertheless, his acroamatic influence weighs heavily on my opinions, like a dead elephant.

Doris. The crab walks sideways to achieve its end.

Lepire. The sum of angles on a triangle Is equal to the straightest line.

Doris. Give him a curtain to uncover all.

Lepire. Nakedness is our original state, out of which we should rarely divest ourselves.

Exeunt Doris and Lepire

Ruth. Say then before we part a second time Why at this hour, too soon to have rejoiced In contemplation of the benefits For studies learned with pain, you have come back.

Denis. By all the faith I proffer to my soul, I can say and cannot.

Ruth. Conjecture says: "Your boat sank near the shore."

Denis. No, for I never saw keel, mast, or sail.

Ruth. Some bandits stopped your coach while you escaped.

Denis. I am the robber of my presence there.

Ruth. I guess that, hidden from the night and all,

You tiptoed surreptiously in brakes Beside a surly neighbor's garden house, His daughter to clasp and unclasp in bed.

Denis. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ruth. No sprinkling in a garden warm with love?

Denis. No, all my arrows stick on bendless bows.

Ruth. Then where did you creep in? What is your name?

No son of mine can trifle, sneak aside, And plead with turtle eyes to be placed back Inside his basin where the sleepy starve.

Denis. I cannot say where I was, a mere dream

Perhaps, which tells me I must quaver for What you and I must know.

Ruth. I think you dined, and, losing shirt and shoes,

Inside a shamle-house forgot your slops,

With all your coins in it.

Denis. Though worthy of ambition, yet untrue.

Ruth. How! Did you mope about the streets, as you

Do universally, perpetually,
Here in this house?

Denis. No, though, I admit, freshly capable of ambling incapacity, like a Pegasus with bots, a viol-stick scraping on the back of a chair, a rook pushed diagonally across a chessboard, the idol of a forgotten religion, an anchor on a ship that's moving.

Ruth. What are you holding and not holding, meant

To show and not to show?

Denis. We come to it, shirt-dripping fits begin

With agonizing ghost-uncertainties,

To fling us where we are, or what we dream

Of, or else neither those nor anything

That can exist.

Ruth. At last I wish to know and you to speak.

Denis. Though to die slowly is glad fortune's kiss

Of joy when there is hope of healing, yet

To die too quickly still prevents all wrongs.

Here to choke in a hiccup would be best,

Now that you know what yet you know not of,

Provided I were far away from here.

Ruth. Give me that piece of fear. Is it for cloth

That round white eyes begin to sweat amain?

Denis. What pains we super-add to your birth-pains

All our life long!

Ruth. Insatiable and merciless! O, rage,

Is Philomel, my only, martyred, kept

In muted shadows void and humanless?

Who forced on your hands blood on working cloth,

Hot on pale hands of death, unjustly spilled?

Denis. I must once more explain. Like murderers

Who watch their prison-house burn down, brief joy,

When I thought I was understood at last,

Is turned to capture and to muffled grief

When a new one and stronger is built up

On the same site.

Ruth. I find in this a mirror on which bows
Of truth shoot at my eyes in blinding pricks.

Denis. Now you know all, and I have said enough.

Exit Denis and re-enter Doris

Ruth. I'll see his blood.

Doris. How, like your own death-face in effigy?

Can linen suck up half our blood away?

News from your sister?

Ruth. O, Atropos, your knives! Your dangers, death!

Steel for his belly laid in calm repose,

All scraped together to the sharpest point!

Doris. Words to unclog the stuffiest ear of wax.

What do you mean?

Ruth. I never guessed that dreaded Pluto was

The celebrant-priest on our marriage-day.

Doris. Do you suspect your husband for her loss?

Ruth. I'll ask resourceless Denis to lead him

On paths away from worst among the bad

Here in this house, to worry him to death.

Laugh, rising furies: yield him grief for grief,

In ways to make the violent henceforth drop

With fiery rocks in interlunar fear.

Exeunt Ruth and Doris

Act 5. Scene 1. A room in Tayard's cottage

Enter Thierry and Banderole

Thierry. Where lies my captured?

Banderole. Wailing in her sleep.

Thierry. Since I in loathed anger let out blood,

No blood of mine corroborates desire.

With her I do and cannot do.

Banderole. Then free her instantly. You see how too

Unlikely you may win against a clod

A man expects as woman.

Thierry. No, I will starve her mine, or breathless she

Will mix with earth, as moldy as her love.

Banderole. Resistance mocks you.

Thierry. As a result, two hands, not mine, I think,

Like meteors strike the air to frighten her,

Her eyes in woeful malice running blood.

Banderole. A whore forgets herself when she is fine.

Thierry. With blood-soaked bandages cere down her corpse,

If willing and unwilling she denies

My pleas a second time.

Banderole. A creel of poisons for this virgin ghost!

Thierry. A cup of wine undrunk at table when

The guests have gone, gold-bars in coffins heaped,

Enjoyed by night and earth: such is my state-

Almost unstatetable-, a king transformed

Into his minion serving feasts of death.

Banderole. Look in your glass to find yourself again.

Thierry. I am most like forgetful actors who,

Morosely reeling on the gory scene,

All in my mind, devoid of nail or board,

Lose place and time in their own tragedy.

Instead, I gaze on mirrors of my plight.

Look here: atop his body lies my hat,

But is the head my own? Should I be me?

Break them in fragments: wholler than I am

He still remains.

Banderole. A wretched place is good, provided that

The master is still mastered in his mind.

Thierry. My sole ambition is to be renowned

As patron saint of cuckolds, steal the keys

As my own jailer, let her win again

My wife's love as I mix with both- but no,

Such unions are in dreams impossible,

Since violence shattered glass-forms in my head

With those I cherish most.

Banderole. Fight mightily desires with wings of force,

Like flies caught underneath a paper cone.

Thierry. You cannot frighten one, who, miracle

By wives attested, entered laughing in the world.

But yet I cannot jest when mouth and eye

In glasses cannot recognize themselves.

So much of wasted suffering when we

Cannot yet learn to live unhappily!

Even my failures fail.

Banderole. All our philosophies on joint-stools learnt

I still account as blind men touching walls

Of printless alabaster.

Thierry. I talk with ghost-shapes not yet wholly here,

A prophet-mariner, who scratches drops

Of cloudy water on his parchment scrolls

Uninkable, who lies as his own scrap,

The text of weary schoolboys in the night

Reverifying calculations,

Committing graver errors than the ones

Their master found and punished in the day.

Banderole. Our ignorance of self and others shifts

These shadows treading on each shadow's heel.

Thierry. Bring her outside. I feel I am at once Sebastian and his arrows, Lawrence and The grid like summer breezes cool to him.

Banderole. She without saying says that in this lodge

She wishes to kiss boulders, never you.

Our dungeons poison death-thoughts worse than life

When sliding in a hole of muck, downward

More miserably into deeper ones.

Thierry. Ha, I adjure you, if you wish

To keep unbroken shoulders, with your mates

Annex her like a monument to mine.

Unless you wish to augment chronicles

Of strange anatomies, keep her confined,

As present to your mind as death forewarned.

If not, I swear by all the blood in you,

That as in wars some prisoners I kept

Grew with my beard in hate, thus I will press.

So broken and so bent lay form on form

That monstrously, to stay alive, some swore

They saw men defecate on their own face.

Exit Banderole and enter Philippa

Where is my caged bird? How, a broken beak?

I dreamt love could in prisons be conserved.

Can swallows soar in houses? Rundle, peck,

Or twitter. No bar to heave pains aside?

Who cut away your songs? You will have love

Win fame in silence. Say with kisses what

The tongue has missed.- More hapless hopes, of all

The worst! What if you do? Our veins dry off

While I no longer rear upright our perch.

Your bridegroom-jailer marries desperation,
Not you, which keeps detention safer still.

Am I Glasgerion, drowsy harper who,

To vanquish a king's daughter, charged his groom

To waken him, that traitor who woke love

From sleep with kisses to the grief of all?

I am: the groom's my rage in throttling you.

As in a dream I run without haste from

My prickly love-thoughts, stabbers of each eye.

Exit Philippa

Where do you fly except where none can go?

Exit Thierry

Act 5. Scene 2. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Ruth and Doris

Ruth. Your sister in veiled shadows of my house?

Doris. Yes, Marguerite, in spite of my command,

Approaches where we live, which I permit,
For it is feared or hoped she comes in haste
With news of your lost sister's woe or weal.

Ruth. Bid her come in.

Doris. Already to my torment hurrying
To get her wishes.

Exit Doris and enter Marguerite

Ruth. A face of wax may for a tyrant fear,
Unless it melted on my sister's grave.

Marguerite. Your sister is undead, though in her cell

Stone-sorrow in repose. Regretfully,

Much nearer in demise, against behests

Of your too froward husband, we let slip

Philippa's form in half-lights near a bush

As we sat musing in the murky glen,
Out of our view, four frantic runaways
From two avengers in a fear of death
Much like death's shadow.

Ruth. Ha! Then she may in joy return to me?

Marguerite. That should be feared, when
love's extremity,
Once a true husband, comes to fetch her
back.

What will be done to me I dare not think
In day-dreams of the world's catastrophes.

Ruth. Here you will stay, here you may rest
secure.

Marguerite. How, sporting with my sister's
jealousies

Without a stave or poniard?

Ruth. You will not let your paramour shog
off?

Marguerite. O, nevermore in life. The man in
him

Greets me as woman, unknown to myself
Unless by him touched joyfully afloat,
The water-lily circumfused by lust,
Libidinal extravagance by us
Made beautiful, my higher form attained
In passions of clitoral vehemence.

Ruth. Then thank Falloppio, having found at
last

What many women never knew they had.

Marguerite. Him first. Night finishes before
we do.

Hide me from Thierry's sight, if I may hide,
To pleasure's weal, my almost-husband from
your own.

Ruth. The squirrel in a tree, though out of
reach

Of a cat's feelers, all its fellows warns,
Protecting its own kind. I will do more
Than shelter: strike away offenders' might.

Marguerite. Should I believe you? Seldom in
distress

Should one depend on kindness. If you serve
An angry sister's spite, here I remain,

The moth of brightest seeming promises,
Neglectful innocence attracting soon
The looked-for spider underneath her lamp.

Ruth. You are with woman safest than with
man

Still seeming charitable.

Marguerite. The face of man or woman, as I
guess,

Is a strange country where uncertainty
Is either hope or terror.

Ruth. I'll enter, all the better to receive
Each pleasant guest I couch.

Exit Ruth and enter Lepire

Lepire. Your master, mastered by that
slightest toy

Some call his son, treads duteously behind.

Marguerite. Thanks to your serious folly for
these news.

Lepire. I have made a great discovery: the
poor have little money. For this reason, I'm
richly tempted to resign my place. No soap
to wash their rooms, no optic square for
their constructions, no step-ladder for their
repairs. To the fields! where may far-from-
my-nose excrements nourish lilly, rose, pink,
amaranth, myrtle, violet, marjoram, thyme,
jasmine, and angelica, with all gentle herbs.

Marguerite. Naked to the fields! where with
my Banderole, in a phallogynocracy, we'll
twitter, chirp, or croak with partridge,
pheasant, finch, linnet, kite, and hawk, or
trip away the tedious time in scoffions,
pendants, pianelles, garnels, bourats,
simarres, and capareilles.

Lepire. Where each morning I'll give birth to
turd-pieces with buck, fawn, and squaldrina,
with shepherds coon whenever I please, or
squeak in songs my pastoral regards, while
listening with tambourine in hand a villanelle,
rustic chant of hope, to relieve pains and
insults. To a goatherd's cabin with rake and

wheelbarrow! May a barcarolle be the lancet on my abscesses, a country lay my back-scratcher, or squeezer-out of blood-clot, canker, syphilitic sores, and boils too rich in pus, symptoms of society according to dispensers of potationed drugs.

Marguerite. The patient to his doctor is most like fearful bewilderment thanking incompetence. To far-off fields where no doctor and magistrate enrich themselves by killing us! Yet with opinion, I'll take aloes and senna for purgations, foxglove for dropsy, and cinchona from Peruvian barks for ague.

Lepire. Add this word of caution to your physician's manual: never cough, laugh, or weep while pissing, in fear of obstruction. My greatest happiness is at best a morpion, relieved and not relieved by scratching, or a child receiving new clothes and then whipped for soiling them.

Marguerite. Abandon men to city glories still,

To rest content with pleasure and its thought.

Lepire. Every day is without exception the worst for Lepire, so that, preventing further tragedies, I should perhaps accept the post of latrine-cleaner in a pest-house, to chalk, ruddle, and keel, or else swim off with my cod-seller, perhaps the more pleasantly perfumed cesspool.

Marguerite. Your love?

Lepire. Insomuch as she kisses her dog more fervently than me, so the dog noses me more hotly. Yet sometimes her receptivity sticks to my skin, like my breeches after defecating.

Marguerite. I find in you love's novice, like the newborn better pleased with the box than his gift.

Enter Banderole and Bisou

Banderole. Kiss me on Sundays in such passions as

To keep my body warm till Wednesday night.

Marguerite. On every Sunday we are asked to rest.

Banderole. For Jesus five deep wounds, for me five prints

Of many biting kisses pleasure knows.

Lepire. Withhold in my sight. Love's excess I feel

In many burning instances of proof.

Banderole. For lovers, too much love is not enough.

Marguerite. Because of you, I lose both shirt and face,

Vermilion-puffed with yours made intricate.

Hold off awhile with reaching half the mount,

Invited as we are to sit and hide.

Bisou. Here I will sit, I fear, but never rest,

Until my buttocks grow as large as his.

Banderole. Against my master I meet point for point

If daggers arbitrate. But I know well

His mood, in woman's violence capable,

In man's, brave without hope, stiff without heart

To do us mighty wrong. Then rest at ease.

I hide to save him from the enemy

He understands within.

Re-enter Ruth

Ruth. A maddened tyrant may your pleasures mar,

Unless I greet him as a woman can.

Banderole. Thanks for uncommon common courtesies.

Ruth. In for your safeties and more happiness!

Marguerite. If yours and yours then mine!

Banderole. Ideas of yours I accept as mine.

On her fan flutter man's philosophies.

Lepire. While mine's contained on slabs of Camembert.

Bisou. And mine in hope of faster-growing beards.

Exeunt Banderole, Marguerite, Bisou, and Lepire, enter Philippa

Ruth. My tongueless sily melancholy bird!
Will you not twitter as a swallow can,
To charm my tools of vengeance? Show at once

What you are now, what I should do to pain
Our malefactor, procreant of despair
And death, then play the hungry vulture's part,

While I prepare a dagger sharp enough
For treachery. O, no, a meal may do.

He'll break, advancing, the toe of his soul
On tabled plots. We'll gladly sweeten death
Like roaches captured in a rubbish bag,
Their tomb and pleasure, or else cut the root
Whose sun is earth and silence. On your face,

I find Philippa, queen of Portugal,
Wind-fashioned matron of the navigator,
Invention's caravel, who broke the seas
For earths of gold; so sterily, from ports
Of unfecunded joys, will we release
Armadas of revenge against man's sex.
In grief he'll hit his face so often that
As red beard he'll be sooner known than seen.

Man's body is the circle on which clouds
Of arrows will take flight to stick rage in.
Though in the darkness seeming to escape,
As owls hunt mice, so we will snatch that knave.

Exeunt Ruth and Philippa

Act 5. Scene 3. A room in Tayard's house

Enter Thierry and Lepire

Thierry. To leave is like bird-flight, but studying

How best one may securely return,

Unread about in ratiocinative

Reports of sages.

Lepire. In, sir, at your leisure, as you may wish and hope for.

Thierry. To lie is mirth, to stand with Seneca,

A thing to be attempted warily.

Lepire. A mistress-wife attends you.

Thierry. A mystery I'll either swim against
Or in my darkness sink below the mark.

Lepire. Lepire can do no better or no worse.

Enter Ruth

Thierry. Should welcoming depend on meriting,

Give me your knife, not meat.

Ruth. Or rather give me yours, if any thought
Of mine makes jealousy the murderer
Of absences.

Thierry. The tardiest husband greeted soberly?

Ruth. As duty may teach one who still attunes

Her instrument to yours.

Thierry. Your creditor, as always, in your dept!

Ruth. Sit for some supper as in happier hours.

(A banquet is revealed)

Lepire. Should I not bow as table-servant here?

Ruth. No, I will call to wipe away what lies
Untasted, gall-stained lineaments and bones

Or bowels dark with blood-spots some
expect

To find or gladly cheer for near day's end.

Lepire. The gladder to take leave.

Exit Lepire

Ruth. Here you may sip broth many linger
for.

Thierry. What is it made of?

Ruth. A widow's tears.

Thierry. Too precious-salty for one too
unsure.

Fear seasons it and anguish cleans the plate.
(drinking it

Ruth. Here you may savor pies of excellence.

Thierry. What is this one made of?

Ruth. Of a dear's liver.

Thierry. Ah, is it so? A deer perhaps too
dear,

Yet I'll try that.

(eating it

Ruth. Then for your pleasure tawny
apricots,

Pears, luscious muscat grapes and
strawberries,

With melons, pomegranates, raisins, figs,

Digestion's only smiling magistrates.

Thierry. Good.

Enter Philippa

Ruth. Will you drink hydromel with orange
mead?

Thierry. No, rather sickness, life's sole
remedy!

Ruth. Why do you shake the head away and
mourn?

Thierry. Instead of marriages perhaps a
grave,

Where only nails and whiskers prosper well.

Ruth. Why do you faint and stare?

Thierry. Where did you find the meat?

Ruth. Cut from the carcass of our dearest
son.

Thierry. Crack, ears, burst, bowels: darkness
is now dear.

Ruth. A wife's attention hurries to cool off
Her husband's brow, affliction's sorry bath.

Thierry. Falls from the firmament a weary
sun,

To make a childish ink-piece of my thoughts.

Ruth. Why do you grieve? Not for Philippa's
love?

Thierry. O, even in my coffin, thoughts of
her

Will warm my ashes still.

Ruth. More sharpest woes! Revenge's hornet
darts

Break off with pain from blackest-swelling
flesh.

Thierry. On black or red bet all my life away.

Already winter marks my pallid face

Of icy branchlets with dark crevices

Dug deep in snow.

Ruth. All, all, too well deserved from me and
mine.

Thierry. Come, bury, do not nourish
poison's source,

Drown, do not slake,

Choke, do not favor,

Destroy, do not help.

Ruth. Can outrage marry any but himself?

Thierry. His proper foe.- Your poisons are
too slow:

Is there no rope in France?

Ruth. Our Elpenor is dry and almost sleeps.

The member of the hanged is always stiff,

But not to his content.

Thierry. Dilacerated! Violence finds his ease

On pikes, in coolness of flesh-thawing fire.

Ruth. I once thought we would share worms
in one grave.

Thierry. Past is my future, old is younger,
Saturn best.

When death arrives as a house guest, it is

The host who leaves.

Ruth. Go in the way you must, or rather stay
And hold desire for once.

Enter Denis

Thierry. Hah? No? Not death?

Ruth. No murder, no revenge, but best of
peace.

Thierry. Two sons in dazzling brightness on
my eyes

Arose today for me!

Denis. Here with admonishment to stay with
you.

Thierry. Beyond all known beyonds of
solaces

Unmerited by me or any man!

Denis. Here is the book we left off
suddenly.-

Why do you droop? You mar the pages thus.

Ruth. "Revenge we leave to slaves," says any
text

Of moral judgment I have scanned. Revenge

Is its own poniard, poison's daily meat,

A cliff where killers as they triumph slide,

A prison where the jailer keeps himself

Against himself, a nurse who nourishes

Asleep and waking sick anxieties.

Thierry. My doctrine on my tongue
administered,

Forgotten for an instant, never more!

A pardon granted me, enough to stoop

The headiest reprobate with gratitude!

Ruth. A northern wind and morning, fit to
brush

Off cobweb malices, resentments, burrs

Of discontent, on which the yellow tooth

Of age is ever fond to sink into!

Thierry. As willingly as breathing.

Ruth. More lively than that rust: sex-enmity,

May confidence regained like engines work

To move our water figures on the scene.

Denis. In for more joys, to better betterment

As more than one in each.

Thierry. As pupil of myself, my wife, and
son.

Exeunt Thierry and Denis

Ruth. Not you as well?

Exit Philippa

What, are you gone?

Exit Ruth